

THE PAPER THAT GOES HOME

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 65. [PUBLISHED
EVERY MONDAY.]

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 29TH, 1910.

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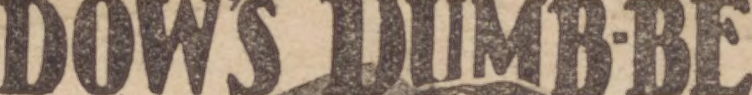
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The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

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No. 65.

WEEK ENDING JANUARY 29TH, 1910.

ONE PENNY.

INDUSTRIAL INSURANCE SCANDALS.

A MODERN ABUSE.

The utility of insurance cannot be doubted. It is a system whereby the suffering of one is alleviated by the small contributions of many. Against the system of insurance as a whole, nothing can be said. To insure demands a certain amount of foresight, and it gives a man protection against those accidents from which all are liable to suffer. But there have crept into the modern system of insurance many abuses which are actually incentives to crime.

Perhaps the worst of all is the system of child insurance.

The death of a child of poor parents is a very serious matter to them financially, and the money they receive at such a death is naturally welcome in meeting the expenses incurred. Thus far the system is a useful one, but the touts of the newer and less reliable insurance companies, anxious to increase their own commission, are given to inducing poor parents to insure their children for a much larger sum than will meet the expenses of the burial. Here we have a direct incentive to criminal neglect or worse.

A recent official record shows that in one year there were no less than 115,000 child victims of neglect, and of this number no fewer than 31,518 were insured for £164,887. This works out on an average at well over £5 each, which is considerably more than poor parents ever pay for the funeral of a child.

It will be seen, therefore, that well over a quarter of the number of children neglected were over-insured, and it is obvious that their parents were not thinking of their future welfare in insuring them.

The insurance touts do not rest content with the insurance of children only.

When the City clerk has gone off to work, the tout brings himself and his circulars to the notice of the clerk's wife. He informs her that an adequate insurance on her husband's life will cost her only sixpence or a shilling or some other small sum per week, and she agrees to take out such a policy without her husband's knowledge or consent. There are times when love grows cold, and it is more than doubtful whether such a system is productive of domestic happiness or longevity.

The remedy for these abuses appears to be the drastic superintendence of all companies by a Government department. If you insure a horse, you will find that no company will issue a policy for more than two-thirds of the value of the animal. It should be the same with other forms of insurance, and precautions should be taken to see that the beneficiary bears part of the loss.

This system, while protecting the poor against misfortune, would also prevent insurance crimes, for the beneficiary would have no temptation to commit murder, as he himself would be losing something instead of, as at present, gaining much.

T. R. SOAMES.

CHEEK.

The Baroness von Hutten observes that "we all have our little private hell." So that the next time anybody tells us he has nowhere to go to, we shall know it isn't true.

"Thinking," says the "Illustrated London News," "is a narrowing process. It leads to what people call dogma." In the case of some people we know, it might lead to a catastrophe.

An American paper says that football raises the nation above the dollar standard. If that's so, we guess it must be of sovereign value.

WHO SAYS A TRIFLE?

Many women whom none could suspect of not being dainty always carry about with them an odour of cooking.—The "Star."

HARASSED BACHELOR loq.:

I'm weary of the single state,
And for a fitting spouse I'm looking;
But rather I'll die celibate
Than wed a girl who smells of cooking.

Oh, Adelaide is fair to see,
Trimly in place her every button;
But yet she's not the girl for me,
Because, alas! she smells of mutton.

Patricia, too, a slender fay,
Is quite enchanting in her habits;
And at her feet my heart I'd lay
Did she not reek of curried rabbits.

One flavour only will I bear;
My nuptial longings I must stifle,
Until I find my sweetheart fair,
The maiden who suggests—a "trifle"!

"A Cat's Fast" runs a newspaper headline. "Yes, indeed he is!" commented dear old Mrs. Footler, when she read it. "Whenever I see them up to their horrid antics outside my window, I always throw a jug of water over them!"

Mr. James Douglas says that Chamberlain and Asquith are both of the Cromwell type. Yes; and each hopes to provide the other with a Roland for his Oliver.

Describing the grace displayed on the rink by Miss Elizabeth Firth, a contemporary says that "Miss Firth suggests the duchess rather than the actress in appearance." Many fair Thespians hardly consider that Miss Firth is being complimented.

The "Daily Mail" informs us that Prince Albert and Prince Edward, sons of the Prince of Wales, will next year make a tour of the Empire. (The "Mail" would never forget that capital E.) Considering the tender years of the princes, we should have thought the Hippodrome more suitable.

J. S. Cox.

WHAT IS SPORTSMANSHIP?

It is the birthright of Englishmen. Yes, but still: What is it? We may give it other names until we have no names left, but we shall still be far from answering the question.

Every man has a mental picture, more or less blurred, of his conception of sportsmanship.

But this thing, or quality, or, better still, this essence, that gives life so much of its sweetness and freshness—what, in fact, is it? Can it be acquired? Or is sportsmanship like poetic genius in that it must be born in a man?

I like to believe that in the case of most Englishmen the spirit of sportsmanship is much more difficult to escape than to acquire and enjoy. In other words, whatever it may be in itself, it is more often born in a man than not. It is that quality of his being, mental, physical, and spiritual, that is woven in by the wild and changing airs of his native land. It is blown into him by the gales, it is mingled with his being while he is yet "in the clouds," and when he comes to earth it is his greatest charm and strongest weapon against the curse which says that he is as surely born to trouble as that the sparks fly upward.

At first it is but a spark, but from it rises a strong and steadily burning flame that tempers life itself. It grows in a man without his consciousness of the process.

The open air is his great school, and his teachers are the thousand and one forces and aspects of Nature which, fortunately for sportsmanship, are incapable of any treachery.

Every wind that blows upon him, every hill he climbs, and every valley that he looks upon with pleasure aid in the development of this strange and beautiful thing. For ever a dual education is proceeding—physical and spiritual, and the processes are simultaneous.

The physical reveals the spiritual. No man can make his way through a forest and stop at merely seeing things. He must also feel, and, feeling, sensation is the prime attribute of sportsmanship. A thirst and an appetite are put into him—or, rather, waken to life within him and clamour for satisfaction—and so from mere contemplation a man will fly to extremes of activity in his haste to grasp the whole secret of his pleasure in mere existence. He will walk and run and swim and ride as if intoxicated with the idea of motion, always in pursuit, always experiencing.

And he delights in testing his own experience against that of other creatures. He loves all wild things—and stalks and shoots and traps them.

It is a strange paradox, but there it is, and no sportsman will deny it. There never yet was a sportsman who had no warm corner in his heart for every living creature.

"By their fruit ye shall know them" was certainly said of all sportsmen, and through the same medium ye shall know something of the motive power called sportsmanship.

J. G. HAYWARD.

THE GARDENER'S "GLASS."

AND HOW HE MAY OBTAIN IT.

No gardener with a soul above cabbages—though these are not to be despised—is ever really happy unless he can point with pride to what he calls his "glass."

To the gardener "glass" is what the V.C. is to a soldier—the greatest thing of all and the most desirable.

It is not only the wealthy, with their grape vines and orchid houses, who may know the delights of the glass-house. There is no cottager or town villa resident who really need do without this most fascinating adjunct to the open garden.

It may not be the full-blown "greenhouse," for which one can afford either the room or the money or the time to keep it going.

"Glass" indeed may begin at the bell-glass or "cloche" by which the French gardeners swear so confidently. These bell-glasses are most useful for special plants in which one takes an individual interest, but when the gardener wishes to cultivate any plants in numbers they begin to show as a rather heavy item on the annual balance sheet.

If you are anything of a carpenter, and an ingenious contriver to boot, you will have no difficulty in making your own frames, which are the next best thing to a compact little span-roof greenhouse.

Knocking about the local carpenter's shop, or thrown among the unconsidered lumber that cumber the blacksmith's forge, you will have no difficulty, as a rule, in finding the discarded window-frames of old houses. The glass may, or may not, be intact; but the carpenter, who is in most villages also a glazier, will replace the broken panes with new ones.

A couple of window-frames such as these, a few upright boards, and a little ingenuity and elbow grease, and you will have a very useful and profitable portion of glass in your garden.

If you wish to do the thing thoroughly, you can buy a compact little greenhouse, about six or seven feet square, from £2 10s. to £3 10s. It will be just large enough to "swing a cat" in; but if carefully planned and well arranged it will hold a great deal.

Or, if you wish still further to limit your expense, you can buy good frames, such as I have shown may be made from old windows, for a sovereign. These are about a yard square.

Having obtained your bell-glasses, your frame (home or shop-made), or your little greenhouse, you will find that it will keep you busy in all your gardening hours, if worked systematically in connection with your small plot of ground. It can be used for bringing forward plants from seeds, either flowers or vegetables, and if you live out of the smoke and grime of a city, you can use it in winter for violets.

If village boys pass your garden, you will find that small-meshed wire netting fastened over all exposed glass will save your pocket, your temper and your plants. Boys will throw stones at everything that makes a clatter when it breaks.

Moreover, wire netting is not a favourable court- ing and fighting ground for roaming cats.

If a small boiler is beyond your means an oil lamp, or even gas, is useful as heating apparatus, though this is by no means necessary.

Of course, with artificial warming it is possible to grow a greater variety of bulbs and other plants, and to keep the supply of flowers up to a higher standard, but without this extra heat there is enough to give great pleasure and plenty of occupation.

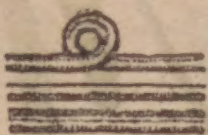
Frost is not such an enemy as damp, in these little houses. Face the glass to the south to catch all the little sunshine there is in winter, and keep the glass clear on both sides. From New Year to May there will, with care, be a constant succession of spring bulbs, while with summer's arrival the variety becomes very great.

Indeed, there is hardly an end to the flowers that thrive with ordinary care. Even orchids of the cheaper kinds may be successfully cultivated.

J. B. WESTON.

NAVAL BADGES.

It is doubtful whether, ever since the foundation of the Territorial Army, one man in twenty knows the meaning of the badges that mark the rank or the proficiency of our soldiers, and in the case of naval badges the proportion is probably more like one in several hundred.



Rear-Admiral.

But at times, especially such occasions as the recent visit of the Fleet to London, it is very useful to be able to interpret the badges on a sailor's arm and to know whether you are speaking to an officer, warrant officer, petty officer, and so on. Moreover, it will save you talking about gunnery to a telegraphist or discussing torpedoes with a signalman.

The rank of officers is always indicated by gold lace on both cuffs, arranged after the fashion shown in the first two sketches, but with slight differences. A Rear-Admiral wears one broad strip of braid and one narrow one. An Admiral of the Fleet wears one broad strip and four narrow ones, and a Commodore wears one broad strip.



Captain.

A Captain wears four narrow strips, as illustrated, a Commander three, a Lieutenant two, a Sub-Lieutenant one, and a Chief Gunner, Boatswain or other warrant officer wears one strip of still narrower gold braid.

First-Class Petty Officer.

The badge of crossed anchors with a crown above is worn by First-Class Petty Officers on the left arm, while a Leading Seaman wears a single vertical anchor, and a Second-Class Petty Officer adds to this a crown. The latter rank is, however, gradually being abolished.

Gunnery badges, like all the "technical" badges, are worn on the right arm only, and consist of a horizontal gun with star above it for a Seaman Gunner, and crossed guns for a Gunlayer, with one or two stars added when he is promoted to the first or second class.

A Seaman Torpedoman wears a horizontal torpedo, with stars above and below, a Leading Torpedoman wears crossed torpedoes surmounted by a star, as shown in the sketch, and a Torpedo Coxswain substitutes a wheel for the star.



Leading Torpedoman.



Ordinary or Boy Signalman.

The crossed flags naturally denote a Signalman, and stars are added as he obtains promotion, a Yeoman of Signals wearing one star above and two below the flags.

Telegraphists, whose work has to some extent superseded that of the Signalman, wear a device showing a pair of wings crossed by a flash of lightning. Again, a star is added for each step in rank, a crown denoting a Petty Officer Telegraphist.

The device last illustrated is that worn by Armourers, and with a star above it denotes a Chief Armourer. With a star, but without a gun, it is worn by First-Class Blacksmiths, Plumbers, Painters, and all skilled shipwrights.



Armourer's Mate and Armourer's Crews.

A Stoker wears a badge representing a three-bladed screw propeller on his right arm, and a Mechanician has stars above it and below it. A Chief Stoker wears the badge on his collar.

Crossed rifles, as in the Army, denotes a Marksman, a bugle on the right arm a Bugler, and a Geneva cross the Medical Staff. M. H. ALLAN.

BOXING MADE SIMPLE.

FIFTH LESSON.

The ninth hit is merely a variation of the eighth.

In this case you work your left hand about, and suddenly bring it over his left forearm. This enables you to turn him round towards his own right, and you can thus get on a very telling hit on the back of his ear with your right hand.

In putting on this hit in actual fighting without gloves, you would use your back knuckles, the thumb being uppermost.

In this hit, as in the eighth, it is most important that you should adopt the expert boxer's tactics of constantly keeping in motion. If he knows what

you are going to do he will be able to save himself, therefore you must keep him from guessing your intentions.

Always keep on the move, stepping about from one spot to another, and never letting yourself stand stiff and hard.

The same policy must be adopted in the case of your hands. Though your guard remains

practically in the position I have explained—with the right forearm protecting the stomach and the left upper arm protecting the heart—yet the hands are kept constantly moving about, and thus your antagonist has no warning when you suddenly strike out, or when you subject him to such a trick hit as the eighth or the ninth.

This hit, by the way, is one which should be used very judiciously in ordinary sparring, for you may hurt a man very severely if you hit him hard on the back of the ear; in fact, you may give him a headache that will last more than a day.

In the tenth hit he leads off with his left at your face.

Guard the blow with your right forearm, keeping the palm of your hand well to the front, so that his forearm strikes the fleshy part of yours. If the bones of your forearms come in contact you would be badly bruised as well as he.

As you guard his blow, step in sharply and get on a left-hand body blow.

Hit him precisely in the middle of the belt, and keep the back of your hand upwards.

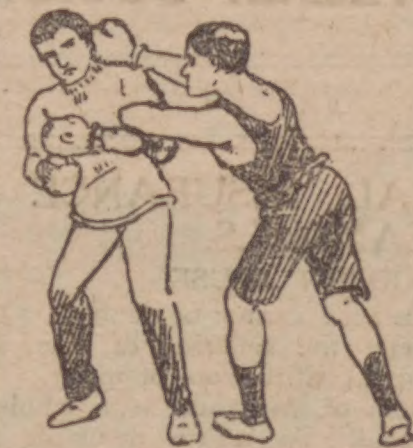
In actual fighting with naked fists, it would be with the front knuckles, and not with the back knuckles, that you would hit him.

I have not so far said very much about sparring, for I have been giving all my attention to describing the various hits. Remember that sparring is every bit as necessary as a knowledge of the hits, and if you neglect to practise sparring, you can never hope to become a really good boxer.

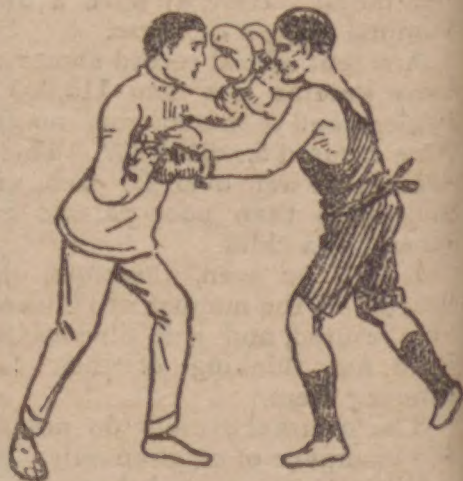
I am taking it for granted that you are learning along with a friend, and, of the time you spend in boxing, at least half should be devoted to sparring, so that, besides knowing the hits, you will also be able to bring them off.

G. GOWING.

[Another article of this series will appear next week.—EDITOR.]



IX.—A hit that tells in a fight.



X.—On the mark.

AN ALTERNATIVE TO CONSCRIPTION.

There are many who say that Mr. Robert Blatchford's articles which appeared recently in the "Daily Mail" were nothing but the greatest electioneering dodge ever known in this country. It is the opinion laughingly expressed by some of the Conservatives themselves, and very seriously by some of the Liberals.

Now, Mr. Blatchford said that in the matter of national defence he was neither Liberal, Conservative, nor Socialist—but an Englishman. That is the standpoint we all must take, for, electioneering dodge or no, it still remains that our land forces, as at present constituted, are, in face of any invasion following upon the loss of Great Britain's command of the sea, useless—absolutely and utterly useless!

Even the courage which we expect from our breed, added to the fact that any invading force would be conducting its operations in an unfamiliar and hostile country—yet not fighting under the disadvantages that affected the British Army in the Boer War, where the rough nature of the country afforded an additional obstacle—would not, in the bitter end, make up for our present-day perfectly hopeless numerical weakness.

We could not stand in our half-trained thousands against the trained millions which, granting the loss of our command of the sea, could be landed with consummate ease upon the shores of Great Britain.

As Mr. Blatchford stated, this is not a Party question. But, as the articles appeared in a Conservative paper, the Liberals (I speak of them collectively and generally—not of Parliamentary candidates, but of the party supporters who wield the power of the vote) argued that it was the design of the Conservatives to prove that Tariff Reform, or the revenue resulting from Protective Tariffs, which the Conservative Party had pledged itself to carry through if returned to power, could afford (upon the face of it) a bigger Navy and Army expenditure than any form of Budget taxation which would, within reason, be created by a Liberal Chancellor of the Exchequer under the Free Trade conditions at present governing the imports of this country. And with Liberalism is identified Free Trade.

Now, whether (1) the Liberals were right or wrong, whether (2) it was used as an electioneering dodge, or (3) written in all sincerity and misjudged by a Public that hunts for a motive in everything—the fact still remains, *we are not prepared to resist upon our own soil a big hostile army.*

Thus far I am with Mr. Blatchford absolutely and entirely—without politics and without Party.

I will come now to Mr. Blatchford's suggested remedy, which I may say very fairly is practically and concisely contained in this paragraph which I quote, without embellishments, from one of his articles in the *Daily Mail*.

"I think it would be well in this country to pass first of all a Compulsory Service Act for a limited number of years, say six. Two years' training would be enough, and all young men over twenty should be liable. But at first, in order to get a large force quickly, it would be advisable to take as many young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty as could be spared without disorganising trade too much."

Now a Compulsory Service Act is, like many things connected with our Governments—Conservative and Liberal—all very well *on paper*.

But the British Public has got a little habit of refusing things it does not like. It does not like compulsory service, and conscription under any other name bears the same objectionable odour.

Therefore, I prophesy that no Government dare pass such a Compulsory Service Act. I prophesy further that an appeal to the country on that question would result inevitably in the overthrow completely and, mayhap, for ever of such a Government.

This is the opinion of a journalist small enough in his way, and perfectly conscious of that fact,

AN ANSWER TO MR. BLATCHFORD



but it is truth. It matters not who speaks it, or from whose pen it comes.

Very well, then. Some middle course is necessary—something that a Government may bring in with safety, something that a much-opinionated People and Electorate will not throw out.

The country has not responded sufficiently to the call for volunteers to join the Territorial Army upon the present basis of its construction.

The country, as a whole, is patriotic only so far as talking or feeling goes. The majority of the young men of England will not voluntarily take the "trouble" upon their shoulders of making themselves efficient to assist in the defence of their country.

It is not that they would lack the courage or the willingness to take up arms in the defence of their Fatherland, if necessary. That would be the most libellous and inaccurate thing to write of Great Britain's Youth to-day. They are as proud of their country's name, prestige, and honour as were their forebears.

But in their heart of hearts they do not realise, do not believe, do not for a moment count upon the necessity.

That is the trouble. All the writing, all the talking, all the ministers in the country, will not make them believe it. There is a conviction deep down that We—the great, the impregnable, the God-guarded We—can never fall, can never be beaten. They cannot imagine London under the suzerainty of any other Power. It would be too stupendous, too immense, too much out of drawing.

But the great men of this land, of both Parties, realise that there *is* this danger, very near, very real—not only a possibility, but a probability upon the loss of our command of the sea.

Yet, as I have said, these great men by their most eloquent words could not impress it on the young men of England. The young men of England could search for a motive, for, you see, Party opinion is an enemy of Truth.

Very well. If words cannot impress this great fact upon the young men of England, deeds *must*! The only sort of deed in the power of a peaceful member of Parliament is an Act.

But emphatically *not* "a Compulsory Service Act for a limited number of years, say six, etc.," as suggested above by Mr. Blatchford, because he means "full time" service such as is demanded by Continental conscription, and that sort of thing will never be tolerated by a British electorate.

Now my contention is this:

The Territorial Force as at present constituted is, as far as the rank and file goes, perfectly capable of making an efficient force to resist the potential invaders if it were *numerically strengthened and efficiently officered*.

The conditions of this service are almost Utopian. The training is done in spare time. Grants and facilities, too numerous to mention, are afforded the

"Terrier" by the authorities.

That does not matter. It is too much "trouble" for the young men to join—voluntarily.

Therefore, I suggest that, as an alternative to what the masses understand as practically "conscription," all young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty who are physically fit shall, by some Act of Parliament, be *made* to join what is now known as the Territorial Army—the same in all ways but (1) its present voluntary service foundation, of course; and (2) its officers.

There would be no hardship about this measure, and nothing objectionable to any right-thinking young Englishman. It would mean a huge increase in the present rank and file of "Volunteers," and my contention is that, if this thing were taken as seriously as it ought to be, the "Terrier" would become in time almost as efficient as the trained soldier, and would form an excellent and reliable second line of defence (to the Regulars) in time of Invasion—although even as Mr. Blatchford suggested with regard to his Compulsory Service, the very fact that we had so strengthened our Army would probably preserve an armed peace in Europe. This, briefly enough, deals with the case with regard to the rank and file.

I now come to the officers. I have said above that his new Army shall be the same as the present Territorial Army *except* in its officers.

Why?

Because, the present officers of the Territorial Army, taking them on the whole, are no material use whatever!

They are, personally, "good fellows" and "decent chaps"—any private or trooper in a Territorial regiment will say that of his officers.

But apart from the sentimental regard for the men who preside over the squadron or company "smokers," and present prizes, and give dinners with a generous hand, that is often about as far as they benefit the regiment. They can be no manner of use to an Army organisation in war.

A level-headed young man, even if he be of the poorer classes, does not care to serve under a notorious gilded fool.

In fact, the adjutants, who are drawn from the regular regiments, are the only officers in the Territorial Army who are worthy of their positions and military rank. The rest, with the few exceptions of such good officers who are for ever working out mobilisation schemes and generally encouraging efficiency in their men, might as well be swept away.

Commissions and the leadership of men should be granted only to those who prove themselves by severe examination, extra efficiency and keenness, to be worthy of the honour.

Only the *best* men, in point of fact, and not social position or wealth, must command. If they are as rich as Croesus, it does not matter. If they are "as poor as church mice," it does not matter. They must be tried and proved men, upon whom the rank and file have some tangible reason to rely when the bullets are whistling over the trenches.

That is the main point, whatever your politics, your position, your religion. It is good keen men like the majority of the present sergeants and colour-sergeants in the Territorial Army whom you must have as officers in this new and mightier Territorial Army.

Instead of Mr. Blatchford's harder and more revolutionary method of almost Continental compulsory service, you will have a far more acceptable and practically as efficient Citizen Army—capably officered, numerically strong—a vast army of young men able to lay down their tools, or leave their counters, take their hands from the plough or forsake the desk, as the case may be, and pick up the rifle, the use of which they understand, in the defence of their country, their homes, their King, their mothers and sisters.

R. JOICEY SMITH.

CHEAP SPORT AT HOME

SHOWING HOW A MAN CAN PERFECT HIMSELF AT HIS PET SPORT BETWEEN FOUR WALLS.

How many of us are there—sportsmen as ardent as any that breathe—who are compelled by the exigencies of business life to indulge in our favourite recreation only at long intervals, and then do not enjoy it to the full because lengthy spells without practice have robbed us of our pristine form.

But for such men, if only they knew it, there is an easy, and at the same time very inexpensive, way of keeping up their skill at games to its highest pitch, even when they are at home in their diggings at the end of the day's work.

This is the scheme which an eminent athlete puts into practice, and which on one occasion he confided to the present writer. It is possible to all men who can obtain an empty room of a fair average size, and can afford to fit it with the few appliances which I shall describe.

The man who lives at home with his people will, in most cases, very easily cajole them into letting him empty the lumber-room and transfer its contents to a cellar, or some such other resting place; and in the case of the man in "digs," just a shilling or two spent on some little present will generally soften the heart of his landlady to the extent of emptying some disused room for his benefit.

AN EMPTY ROOM.

Well, then, let us suppose our sportsman in the proud possession of an empty apartment, some six or seven yards long, by three or four wide. In this he will be able to perfect himself in all manner of outdoor games.

For instance, let us suppose he is an enthusiastic Association footballer. He will, no doubt, be keen on improving his shooting at goal. I have it on no less an authority than that of Mr. C. B. Fry that an excellent way of perfecting one's shooting is to accustom one's feet to the "feel" of the ball. A capital idea, then, would be to get into a sort of running costume, shorts, light canvas shoes, and so on, procure a football, and, with this, practise shooting at a mark chalked on the wall, taking the ball at all angles, and on the volley as it bounces back to you.

Not only will this exercise improve your shooting, but your wind and your "quickness on the ball" will also benefit materially.

A HOME-MADE PUNCHING-BALL.

Then, again, perhaps you are a boxing man, and want to keep your eye in by ball-punching. Well, don't bother to buy an expensive apparatus. Drive a nail into a beam in the ceiling and suspend from it, on a rope reaching to about 5ft. 6in. from the ground, an old football case stuffed with rags. Then put on your gloves, and pummel away at the ball as hard as you like.

It will really be much better for your purpose than an inflated ball attached top and bottom, for it will swing back at you from all directions, and will constitute very excellent practice indeed for sparring with quick-footed boxers. Besides which the weight of the ball will encourage you to hit it hard, and so increase your power in punching.

Now we will turn to the case of the cricketer. Here again we can promise him some first-rate practice and enjoyment.

In this case, too, we make use of the nimble nail in the ceiling. Suspend from it, on a string



this time reaching to about two feet from the ground, an old practice cricket-ball. Put up a box, or some other object, to represent a wicket, and swing the ball backwards and forwards. Then stand in front of your wicket, and guard it in the ordinary way.

You will be able to study your ability to time the ball very closely, and it will be easy to remedy any faults in your style. By this I mean, as every cricketer will understand, you will be able to practise hitting the ball with the right portion of the bat, to your entire satisfaction. In this way, moreover, you will have an opportunity of hardening the faces of your new bats more gradually than if you used them only in matches, or strenuous work at the nets.

In your indoor training-ground, again, you can improve your bowling. A well-known professional, famed for his "swerve," once told me that he perfected his "finger spin" by tossing a ball against a wall very gently, and observing the angles at which he managed to make it glance off. This is a tip that enthusiastic bowlers might follow with advantage.

Then, again, the keen golfer—and what golfer is not as keen as a knife?—who can only play occasionally is provided with an excellent opportunity of keeping up his form.

TESTING YOUR DRIVE.

At one time instruments with an attached ball, which registered the strength of one's drive, were not within the reach of everybody's finances; but nowadays such appliances can be obtained from most sports-outfitters at a very moderate cost. But in an ordinary living-room one cannot use them properly for fear of doing damage to objects round about one; but what place is more suitable than such a room as I have described?

Most sportsmen will remember the famous runner who trained for a fifty-mile race—which, by the way, he won—by running round and round a kitchen table. Well, why should not keen running men, whose whole time during the hours of daylight is taken up by business, emulate his example?

These are only a few instances of the different sports and outdoor games which can be practised at home; but they will suffice to show that, however little time a man may be able to devote to his favourite sport, there is no reason whatever why he should lose his form. R. BERTRAM.

MAKE YOUR OWN MIXTURE.

Many a man is in the unfortunate position of preferring one special mixture of tobacco to all others, and yet being forced to smoke a tobacco he dislikes because his favourite brand is beyond the reach of his limited income.

But this should not be so; and if the average smoker knew what an enormous profit is made on "patent" brands of tobacco he would cast about for some other means of solacing himself with the fragrant weed, and by buying his tobacco "loose" he can get it much cheaper. But in the case of the smoker who is prejudiced in favour of a particular mixture there arises the difficulty that he cannot obtain it loose.

But the smoker of moderate income should not despair. Here is a dodge that may be of use to him. He should get a friendly tobacconist with no axe to grind to analyse, as it were, his favourite patent mixture—that is, to enumerate the different kinds of tobacco which go towards its composition. Then he will find that to buy those tobaccos and mix them himself will be equally satisfactory and much cheaper.

"WORMS."

TYPES OF MEN THAT NOBODY CAN STAND.

It is safe to say that the average reader of THE MODERN MAN is not the sort of fellow who gets on badly with anybody. But there are certain types of "worms" that not even the friendliest and most easy-going of us can tolerate at any price, and the following are some of them.

First, there is the pestilent person who poses as a betting expert—a "head" or a "nut," to use the vernacular—and who forces his unpalatable conversation on any unfortunate person whom he takes to be less acquainted with the subject.

You will find him in the club smoke-room or elsewhere in the early evening gazing blissfully on a late paper containing "all the winners."

If by any chance you should happen to glance in his direction, he will catch your eye, and, although you may be quite unacquainted with him, inquire, with a smile that displays twin rows of broken, discoloured fangs:

"Did you do Bonny Buck, eh?"

You murmur that you didn't; and then he observes, with a touch of pitying contempt, that you should have. It was patent, he says, to anyone who knows the rudiments of "form" that Bonny Buck was a "snip absolutely." He himself has, of course, done him, and has picked up "ten of the very best." (A sickeningly knowing chuckle here.)

"But, of course, I know the ins and outs of the game," he observes—and then you're in for it. He asks you what you would do in such and such a case, and then tells you in superior tones what he himself would do—at such length that you feel you don't want to eat again for weeks.

Another worm of the "wormiest" type is the dogmatic "know-all." He has, perhaps, scraped into some University on a scholarship from a Council school—though, of course, this was initially to his credit—but has failed to make the best use of his opportunities there. He loves to recount his "don-ragging" exploits, but his great subject on which he specialises is "atheism." He defies you to *prove* the existence of a Deity, and this is a task the average man is quite unable to cope with.

Desperately you propound all that you can remember of the arguments of Cicero and Shakespeare; but you make a sorry failure, and the "worm" sits and sniggers, and insists that until the existence of a God is proved, he—*forsooth*—will refuse to believe in one; so that you inwardly long to punch his unhealthy, pasty face in the wall.

Then there is the "lady-killer." Perhaps he works in the same office with you, and insists on forcing his companionship on you during the luncheon hour. He is probably undersized, snub-nosed, with sandy hair and freckles, and as you pass along the street he seizes you by the arm and nudges you ostentatiously whenever a nice-looking girl passes by.

"That's a nice bit o' fluff," he will cheerily observe, leering back at her over his shoulder. And then afterwards when you naturally shirk him as far as possible, he buttonholes all the other men in the office, and stigmatises you as a "stuck-up sort."

Another unpleasant type is the man who "bars" everything. "What are you doing to-night?" he will inquire; "going to a music-hall, eh? Oh, bar music-halls!"

There is hardly a thing under the sun that he does not "bar"; but the last thing in the world that he could imagine to be possible is that anyone "bars" him!

Lastly, there is the man who thinks it is clever to be lazy. He never walks anywhere; he will wait half an hour for a bus to take him a quarter of a mile in perfect weather, and he thinks himself miles above the ordinary healthy individual who is addicted to the use of Shanks's pony. His one moment of supreme joy is when he leans against a marble counter, asks the vacant-faced Hebe to pass the matches, and hears her fatuous reproof of "Lazy old boy!"

These are some "worms," but thank Heaven there are not many of them. J. D. LONSDALE.



THE HEART of the COUNTRY.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE OPEN AIR.

The country lying in a ten-mile circle round a man's home should be as well-known to him as his garden. It will take him a great deal longer to know it perhaps, but he should not consider that he knows anything about his surroundings until he can pilot a friend to any point within such a circle even though he were blindfolded.

Any country home is an ideal place to walk away from. Its gates open on to the very soil, and beyond the last straggling houses of the village there is an ever fresh field. There is only one way to the heart of any country, and that is afoot.

To attempt to know the whole land by any other means will end in failure. All other means are too quick and too comparatively easy. One loses the effect of the landscape's changes and misses the impressions that every change of aspect should make.

One passes from woodlands to open fields, from level plains to hilly downs without having one's senses played upon by the different scenes. Much as I love cycling, I am careful not to allow it to gain such a hold as to make me a slave. Once let it take such complete possession of a man in his outdoor life, and more than half his pleasure will be killed.

GO WALKING ALONE.

There are undoubted and great pleasures of the wheel, and there are greater pleasures in walking; or rather I would say, pleasures of a different sort. The two are distinct, and can never be compared.

One of the keenest delights of walking is the sympathetic relation with the casual wayfarer into which it brings one. The gap a man cannot help feeling—the gap in interest—between himself, as he cycles along, and the man who drives along in trap or motor-car, is one that no amount of experience will bridge. The difference of the vehicle seems to be the cause of this lack of comradeship.

Whether others feel as I do or not, I cannot say, but whenever I am on the road I always feel out of sympathy with those who are travelling in a different way. But when walking, the case is different. Whoever it may be that meets you there is a sense of comradeship if you are both afoot. Conversation is easily opened and friendly gossip flows readily.

These casual breaks in the silence of a country walk are sufficiently frequent. They do away with the necessity of a companion, for I hold that to enjoy the open air completely it is best to go alone. When accompanied, it is certain that you will talk about things that scarcely concern the open air, unless your companion is very keen on the things that interest you, and the most desultory talk will prevent the mind and the senses from lying open, as it were, to the natural influences around.

SILENT AND STILL.

When talking, one walks on and on and misses everything, the mind's activity shutting out all enjoyment of Nature.

It may sound paradoxical and Irish to say that the best moments of a walk are those when one stops walking and stands quite still listening to the sounds and feeling the silence.

After a tramp of some miles the very hedges seem to go along with you. There is a sense of activity in field and tree that suggests a race with your own footsteps. But stop short and enjoy the transformation. Like ghostly footsteps that follow a man, stopping when he stops, hastening when he hastens, your surroundings at once assume their calm repose, and unsuspected sounds and influences make themselves heard and felt which before had been frightened away by your own movement.

The capacity for keeping perfectly still is one of the most valuable to the nature lover. Without it he will never see a thousand different aspects of the life of the woods and fields. He will never



know more than a smattering of the ways of the wild creatures. They have an eye for moving objects and they know the protective value of perfect stillness.

No men know the value of this quality better than the gamekeeper and the town policeman. The keeper has learned it direct from Nature. The policeman has adopted it secondhand.

SEEING BUT UNSEEN.

Many a time have I walked along a deserted town street at night, wondering where the men in blue had gone. And suddenly, when I thought I was the only occupant of the street I have come upon Robert standing motionless against a shop window, quite invisible to others, but seeing everything himself.

If you would test the protective value of stillness, it may be done in a hundred different ways. Most country folk have seen it exhibited by the pheasant, crouching on the open ground, but so still as to look only like a brown patch.

In the dusk of the winter evening, when the weather is not too hard and birds roost in the hedges, the same thing may be seen. You may look long at a hedge, with the sunset glow behind it, and perceive nothing in the way of roosting birds. But let one of them do so much as flick its tail, and the hedge seems alive with them.

It is impossible to recognise, let alone to appreciate, the indescribable tide of life that flows over the bleakest winter landscape, without stopping to listen and feel its ebb and flow. There is no day in the year when the earth will not yield some secret or some exquisite sensation to the man who can be still out of doors.

C. EASTON-GREY.

RECIPES WORTH REMEMBERING.

Moths are in some places a perfect menace to clothes, but a simple preventive is to be found in most houses—for instance, a common tallow candle well wrapped up in grease paper put into the drawer will keep them away; or get some cedar sawdust, put it into bags—paper ones will do—and place them among the clothes.

When cycling or driving in very cold weather, a sheet of newspaper under the vest will keep the cold out finely.

If you have a collar that has suffered at the hands of the laundress, and you find it is rasping your neck, take it off, and with a dry wax vesta just rub the edge of the collar a few times, and the roughness will disappear.

A capital ointment for barber's rash, by the way, can be made of lard, flowers of sulphur, and fuller's earth, and it is very pleasant to use. For those who like perfume, a drop of oil of lavender may be added.

BAY WITH BLACK POINTS.

HOW SHE BROUGHT A MAN PROSPERITY.

She was a vicious brute. That was the opinion of all who came in contact with her—except Bob Carter.

Her sire was Ferocious, her dam Termagant, and she did not belie her parentage.

She savaged a lad before she had been a week in her training quarters, and woe betide any stranger who went within reach of her heels.

Yet Bob Carter loved her. Maybe she returned his affection. Anyhow, he was the only one who could go into her box with safety, or who could saddle her without first muzzling her or tying her up tightly, or groom her without hobbling her first.

But Bob Carter did not own her—more's the pity, he thought—and sometimes her ultimate fate weighed upon his spirits like a nightmare.

He was only a stable help, pretty near as much alone in the world as the mare.

And the mare was the best hated creature in those big stables—a regular equine Ishmaelite, whose teeth and hoofs were against every man.

And her hatred and power of expressing it truly were greater than those of the stable-men. For she was a valuable animal and her owner a wealthy man whom it was dangerous to offend.

So the mare had her way, and a vicious way it was.

But Bob Carter understood her. Bob was a dreamer of dreams and a weaver of visions. And they all centred round the bay with black points.

And one day his dreams and ambitions were realised. The mare was entered for the—Stakes.

But who was to ride her? Upton, the trainer, scratched his head. There was only Bob Carter who could manage the brute—a lad whom nobody had heard of.

Well, he'd think of him as a last resource.

The mare treated polite and kind overtures from strange jockeys with scorn. She had her own idea of who should ride her, and no mule was in it for obstinacy with the bay with black points.

They tried to coax her, and she raised hell in that training stable. There was nothing for it but to let Bob ride her.

The mare was in her ugliest temper when Bob mounted her.

Upton looked down his nose. "He'll never get her past the post—a damned vicious brute as ever was foaled. Never be a bit of good. I'd shoot her if I owned her, for the pleasure of it."

So he prophesied dire things. But Bob smiled the smile of the conscious victor.

The mare and he were pals and she carried something more precious than somebody's colours, she carried Bob's hopes.

And the result justified his confidence. She romped in easily. So the race was won by the bay mare with black points—Bob Carter up.

That happened years ago, and Bob Carter is an elderly man now with a big training establishment of his own.

Many and many a noted racer has passed through his hands since the day when he won his first race.

Chestnut and black and grey and white horses and mares galore, but there's not one that can compare in his estimation with that idol of his youth, the bay with black points.

And the mare? Oh, she long ago "trotted before," not hurriedly in the least—Bob saw to that.

One of the first things he did when he began to rise in the world, was to become her master, and you may be sure that in spite of her victories on the racecourse, he did not have to pay a long price for her.

It was only Bob who could do anything with her, and when he left the stable none would go near her if they could help it.

But Bob Carter holds firmly to the belief that he'll hear her whinny when he reaches the Golden Gate. There's a stone in the big paddock which marks the resting-place of Hecate, by Ferocious, out of Termagant—bay with black points.

H. KING.

THE METHODICAL MAN.

There are some fortunate fellows who, perhaps almost unconsciously, have ordered all the things of this life, so far as is in their power, with business-like precision.

They are the methodical men. Their minds are, in most cases without effort, arranged in departments and subdivisions, like a well-conducted library. Such a man never fails to wake up at a certain time every morning, or to take a specified time to dress and eat his breakfast, or to be at his place of business punctually to the minute.

He never swears at losing his collar stud—because he never loses it. He has a specified place for it, and puts it there every night. He has one pocket for his matches, another for his pipe, and another for his pouch. Consequently he never “fumbles.” He does everything coolly and unconcernedly.

If in the train, going to and from the office, he feels like having a smoke, he is a model of method. First, without any flurry, out comes his pipe, then his pouch, then his box of matches. He lights up calmly, and then back into their respective resting-places go his various “weapons” ready for next time.

We easy-going thoughtless men, who, in such a case, find ourselves feverishly patting one pocket after another to find anything we want, cannot help envying the methodical man.

HOW TO DEAL WITH YOUR LANDLADY.

How often one comes across a man who is the essence of hospitality, and who would dearly love to give a little bachelor party now and again in his rooms, but who has to forego such pleasures because he knows that “his landlady wouldn’t like it.”

In the great majority of cases this is because he does not know how to deal with the “genus landlady.” From the very outset he has been too considerate to her, has not asserted himself sufficiently, and in the end has become in many ways not unlike a henpecked husband.

The great thing when engaging new diggings is to remember to affect, however retiring and considerate a nature you may possess, a hectoring manner. Rub your likes and dislikes—especially the latter—into the landlady, insist on your shaving water being boiling hot every morning, and raise Cain if by any chance your food does not entirely please you.

Landladies are, as a class, unpleasant people who take advantage of kindness on the part of their lodgers; and if you study their convenience you will soon find that their interest in you will flag surprisingly, and eventually die out altogether.

But if you assert yourself from the first, they will always be at the greatest pains to please you.

WEEK-END WALKING TOURS.

There are thousands upon thousands of men, who though full of ambitions, are at present in the struggling stage, and who when the week-end comes upon them, are hard put to it to think out a means of enjoying it which will be within the reach of their moderate incomes.

Well, to men in such a position, a good suggestion to make is “Why not try a week-end walking tour?”

This will provide almost unbounded enjoyment for a practically insignificant cost. Say that you are in a business which keeps you occupied all the week until one o’clock or so on Saturdays.

Well, on Saturday morning turn up at the office in a Norfolk suit and carrying a light knapsack containing a shirt, one or two flannel collars, and perhaps a small parcel of sandwiches. Then at one o’clock start off on a tour which you will have previously thought out.

Strolling easily, you will be able to cover fifteen miles or so before evening, when for a few shillings you will be able to obtain a supper, a bed, and breakfast next day at some little unpretentious inn. Next day you can go farther afield, but give yourself good time to be back home again by nightfall,

From OUR Readers



so as to be fresh for Monday’s work. Putting your bed at 2s. 6d., and your meals at an average of 1s., your week-end ought to cost you no more than seven-and-six or ten shillings.

THE SHAM TOBACCO EXPERT.

There is a fellow living in the same diggings as myself who, try as I may to stop the feeling, gets on my nerves to an unpleasant extent.

His one great pleasure in life is to pose as a connoisseur of tobacco, a man who will only smoke good brands. He can never offer you a pipe of “baccy” without remarking in a superior tone of voice, “That’s good stuff, you know. It’s the well-known Footletosh coarse-cut mixture. Costs me sevenpence-halfpenny an ounce, but it’s worth the money. . . .” and so on, and so forth.

It’s the same with cigarettes. Whenever he gives you one—which, to do him justice, he often does—he tells you what you’ve heard hundreds of times before—namely, that he got them at So-and-So’s in Piccadilly, and paid so much for them. No doubt his display is more or less harmless, but it is very irritating for all that.

THE SYMPATHY OF SILENCE.

You may have felt it, this silence that is truly golden, or the need of it—for there are times when strong men need sympathy.

Only those who have been chums for a lengthy period, and understand each other thoroughly, evade the jars that arise from an excess of language at inopportune moments, for their knowledge of their friends’ different moods has taught them that there is a time for speech and a time to keep silent.

Keep up an animated conversation, however bright, with a comrade in the throes of neuralgia, and you will be mentally cursed for your pains; but if a tactful silence were preserved, you would be assured of his heartfelt gratitude for your thoughtfulness.

Again, many a tiff could be avoided by chums in digs, if only a little discretion were used in the practice of this silent sympathy. You arrive home long before your pal, and are already thoroughly

PRIZES FOR PARAGRAPHS.

This page is reserved for paragraphs from our readers. They must have a bit of dash and appeal to men.

Each week we pay 10s. for the best and 2s. 6d. for every other used.

Don’t exceed 300 words, use a postcard if you like, and never mind about literary style; we’ll put that right.

Don’t worry about dates. If your paragraph is too late for one issue, we will consider it for the next.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned to the writers.

This week the first prize goes to Mr. H. Williams, 11, Dovedale Street, Barry, Cardiff, for “The Sympathy of Silence.”

refreshed before he makes his appearance, perhaps tired out with a hard day at the office.

Then, maybe, his entry seems to be the signal for a torrent of remarks to be poured into his ears, and, when

you receive an irritable reply, you brand him as grumpy, whereas had you waited till he had somewhat recovered himself, and allowed him to open the conversation, your high opinion of each other would have been preserved and the bond of friendship tightened.

A silent handclasp will often convey to a man a wealth of sympathetic feeling that surpasses all the effusive avowals of deep concern, and also place you higher in his estimation, when in his calmer moments he recalls the grip that speaks with unuttered eloquence.

The need of speech is reduced to a minimum when a chap is down, for the good old English handshake and a look of genuine concern is all that is needed to express our feeling, and is worth double as much as we can insinuate by word of mouth.

Yes, the companionship of cheerful spirits is greatly to be desired, and goes a long way towards helping a fellow over a stile, yet there are times when a man would give worlds for a pal’s sympathy in silence.

“BARNEYS” IN BOXING.

“Clever!” “Well done, Jim!” “Go for him—he’s tiring!” “Oh, that was a good punch!”

Grouped round the ropes and stakes, a mass of enthusiasts shout alternate encouragement and malediction at the two men in the ring who, with flashing eyes and now and then a savage grunt, rush at one another as though they were the contestants in a fight to the death.

But the excited spectators would not waste their breath if only they could read what is in the minds of those two fierce-looking warriors—for the fight is a “barney” or a “put-up job.” In other words, the pugilists have previously come to an arrangement either to make the fight a draw or that one of them should win “on a foul.”

No pugilist cares much about being beaten on a foul, because it entails little or no loss of professional prestige; whereas to be defeated in a cleanly-fought contest is enough entirely to alienate the interest of the public. So that, in a deplorably large number of instances, a “barney” is arranged.

A recent instance is the defeat in Paris of an English boxer by a French pugilist—an event which many of our readers will remember, but the attitude of the “fancy” with regard to it is explained by the remark another English boxer made at the time: “I shouldn’t like to meet that Frenchman—because I don’t want to be had up for manslaughter just yet!”

A TIP FOR TOOTHACHE.

“O-o-o-oh! Wow!”

That’s what your best pal says when you call on him and find him dancing in the throes of the demon neuralgia. He is at his wits’ end to find out a remedy, and will probably ask you to administer a counter-irritant in the form of a smashing blow with a gloved fist on the suffering jaw—but don’t oblige him in that way. Here is a hint which will relieve many a man who is a frequent victim of toothache.

Pour some brandy (for preference) or some vinegar into a plate. Then take a piece of brown paper, about five inches by four, and put it to soak in the plate. Sprinkle a lot of pepper on the brown paper, and apply this “plaster” to the aching jaw. In many cases it will give almost instant relief.

We know that there was never yet philosopher that could endure the toothache patiently; and though the above is a good temporary remedy, it should never be forgotten that toothache arises usually from a more or less permanent cause, local or general, that should not be neglected.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.

GANNISH OF THE ISLAND



Where the big rollers break on the deserted beaches of the south-west coast, there is a little sandy bay, screened on either side by rocky headlands. Here the foot of the ubiquitous tourist has never imprinted its mark; here strong, shaggy-bearded men, big-booted and red-armed, live upon the harvest of the sea; here the very suns of summer shine upon a scene of wind-swept wildness and barren, solitary grandeur.

The bearing of these rough men is not remarkable for its kindness to strangers that perchance stray within their gates. But such as are considered worthy of the confidence of the Viking-like "Til" Vass may sit, as I did, in the enlarged crow's-nest structure that is designated "The Look-out," and if "Til" Vass is occupying the only chair, they may yet find comfort and repose upon the bundles of fishermen's nets that occupy half the apartment and thus may hear of the advent of Gannish of the Island, to the accompaniment of the thunder of the long rollers, while the restless grey breakers are creaming on the hump-backed rocks on either side of Garvey's Bay.

"Til" Vass would be silvery-headed if men of Garvey's Bay ever showed that sign of age. As it is, there are very deep furrows in his brick-red, weather-beaten face, from which the clear eyes look out upon a wild world full of gales and storms in winter time.

Yet he is one of the few living who remember Gannish of the Island, who appeared at Garvey's Bay so many, many years ago, when the coaches were still running Londonward over the rough roads.

"Til" Vass, when he has wandered through his preliminary, greatly protracted, and has enlarged upon the unbelief of this workaday world (and you must agree with him here), will try by means of an old telescope and certain presumably scientific means to fasten your gaze upon a sand-bank-locked area of the grey sea far beyond the spray-flying breakers on the two-mile distant rocks. And he will say to you so that you may absorb the local colour of the spot of which he is speaking:

"That's where the Island was."

He has the precise situation, mathematically marked off by its angular relation to the upright line of the white-painted middle spline of the seaward window, when he stands upon a certain burnt-poker marked board in the floor of the "Look-out."

You will be invited to place your foot upon that board, and with your imaginative eye, fix the position of the Island.

If he has led you thus far, you must only wait until he has filled his pipe before, silhouetted against the window light, that strong man, worthy indeed of the gift of Life, will fix his gaze upon the tarred rafters of the "Look-out," where the tarred ropes hang, and tell you of Gannish.

It was in this wise, as I understand it from his rich old brogue.

There was a big storm brewing up over Garvey's Bay upon a wild winter's night in the long ago.

Black clouds succeeded the watery yellow of the sunset, and the wind began to whine ominously over Garvey's Ness, rising ever *crescendo* to an eerie shriek.

And when the wind whistled thus over Garvey's Ness it spelt evil nights for Garvey's Bay, and worse things for the ships, whose pin-point lights rose and fell in the black velvet of the night, where they were at anchorage beyond the sands.

Sitting in these nets with "Til" Vass's fine profile so clearly outlined, I watch that most unconscious of natural, if "uncultivated," artists as he brings it all before me.

Were it you, you would see the solemn eyes now fixed on the distant defined spot. With his great gesticulating hand he seems to churn up the Trough—the inner sea between the shore and the outer sand-banks—until you realise how the

waters were thrashed up in a foam-flecked fury on that night; how it was all as a vast hot spring, turbulent and troubled, frothing and spuming.

You know how the lightning lit up this seething, hissing cauldron at intervals; you can see how it gave a luminous halo to the hump-backed rock as the two receded . . . how the very rock looked like a monster of the deep as the seas poured over it, enveloped it, and fell again, gathering up beneath its jagged underside, while the remains of the previous immersion streamed off it as water from a thousand gargoyles' mouths in a rain storm.

The men of Garvey's Bay do not sit by their brick hearths while Nature is thus in blind anger outside. Rather, they gather upon the beach, watching for signals of distress and mayhap thinking of those of their blood and breed upon those limitless seas that are so careless of the puny spark of human life.

On that night of which "Til" Vass speaks, not a man that could stir was within doors, though the rain smoked down in wind driven gossamer sheets and Garvey's Ness was shrieking as though the fury-spirits of the storm-fiends battled around its serried rock head.

One, Simon Hawk, an ancient of Garvey's Bay, said that there was but one such night in all the memory of living man. And on that night a strange light burned on the head of Garvey's Ness, and the wreckers of that time, who lured ships on to destruction by the false lights, feared greatly; and as that white, luminous wraith left the headland, and glided slowly over the sea beyond the hump-backed rock, certain evildoers who were afraid, said that it was the Lord who walked upon the waters again, so that they who did evil even when He spoke in His voice of anger, might see and believe and be afraid.

Thus spake the ancient Hawk, and those around him laughed and patted his bent shoulder. "Sure," said "Til" Vass, himself, "it was a spirit of fancy."

But ere the words had died on his lips, and were flung on to the crowd with the boisterous wind, the storm lulled . . . a great crash rang out . . . and those who looked beheld the light burning on Garvey's Ness.

And this was an hour of wicked triumph and fear for the aged Hawk, while the rest looked on, wondering and fearing.

Still the wind howled, the scudding clouds broke at last, revealing the face of the full moon, while the very beach shook and rumbled and the hump-backed rock heaved.

Then silence . . . deep silence . . . (It is a silence you can feel as "Til" Vass tells the story. He will tell you that it seemed as though the earth was resting as from labour. You wait almost to hear a human moan.)

Then it came with a souging, haunting sob torn from the very breast of the earth. The churned seas calmed, and the waters seemed to swell and grow—"like a strong man taking a deep breath into his lungs," says

"Til" Vass—until—

Simon Hawk was the first to notice it. It was so clear under the eerie peaceful glow of the moon.

The hump-backed rock—always visible many feet above the water-line at the highest of tides was, but for the thinnest finger on the water-line, immersed completely at the lowest of the swell.

"The sands are beaten down!" the old man cried, "and the sea will be upon us!"

Even then the tide was flooding on beyond the high-water mark on the beach. And the men of Garvey's Bay, young and old, ran for their very lives to the highest eminence of the ragged sand dunes in the background, reaching it ere the fringe of the tide, as though sighing softly to itself, swirled around the base of the hillock, gurgled and reached its highest mark.

In the stormy clouds above, the moon shone clear on the rising waters.

On the Ness the light had died down. The sea was now as calm as a rippling lake after all its boiling, and there were broken portions of cotton-woolly lather floating with the tide like so many white ducks in procession. To the east the sun's rays heralded the dawn.

An hour passed. Those men of Garvey's Bay looked out from their little mount. The light revealed to dazed eyes a new object on their skyline.

The waters of the Atlantic beat on the sides of an island beyond the sands—a huge mud lump in the dim grey!

And beneath that Ararat of theirs the waters were abating.

The golden sun shot up, and "Til" Vass, a young man then, shouted aloud and pointed to the new island, for on its tumbled ridge—boulders of the deeper earth thrown up from beneath the sand-layer of the bottom—a man, naked and glistening like a sea god, stood bathed in the sunlight!

Like a Hercules he stood. . . . Then took the plunge.

For a while the watchers could see naught but a head bobbing in the waters. Soon the white arm dipping intermittently was visible. . . . Soon the close-cropped hair on the man's head showed over the calm face of the pale, sky-reflecting sea.

The men of Garvey's Bay would have run down the beach to meet him, but the grey-bearded Hawk stopped them, saying that this must be a sea creature, and no true man that thus sprang out of the sea.

At last none but "Til" Vass dared go to greet this big man, who presently stood dripping in the sun upon the sandy beach. All uncaring of the hoarsely-screamed warning of Hawk, teller of weird tales of the sea and the dwellers therein, did Vass leave his fellows.

Surely enough when "Til" Vass put out a hand to welcome the visitor the man stood wild-eyed, as though wondering and not daring to advance.

He seemed to chatter as a baboon chatters with weird sounds, and looked round like that animal shown for the first time the world and men—from behind the bars of a cage.

So "Til" Vass took him gently by the arm and led him to his hut and clothed him in such garments as he could spare, laughing the while at the superstition of the strong men of Garvey's Bay.

And he offered him food and sought to speak with him by signs, while, cautiously, the men of Garvey's Bay approached, headed by the wise Hawk.

The man touched none of the food placed before him.

Whatever one asked of him he shook his head and launched into voluble chatter, in which "Gannish" seemed to recur.

Hawk tried him with strange dialects of other lands, and invisible halos encircled his grey head

while the men crowded round in "Til" Vass's hut, respectfully listening. But the man answered not at all.

If one looks at "Til" Vass it is easy to imagine him, beardless as he was then, sitting in the little hut that he so minutely describes, and (as he says), crouching upon his haunches, was this Gannish born of the sea, who eyed even his borrowed clothing anxiously, much as a lion might do upon finding tiger's stripes on his fore paws.

It was Hawk who solved the food problem, for he saw the dull grey eyes of the strange visitor fixed upon a box, such as eel-fishers use. It was perforated with tiny holes, and contained live eels from "Til" Vass's previous day's catch.

The weird stranger looked, his nostrils distended. . . . Hawk opened the box. . . . A second later Gannish was biting with incisive teeth at a squiggling eel—horrible to see.

"A sea creature!" said old Hawk promptly, and retired trembling.

Even the material Vass, who believed him to be a wrecked foreign sailor miraculously saved from death by the upheaval of the island, was, he says, silenced now by the spectacle of Gannish holding the eel in his monstrous fingers and tearing its flesh from its back in huge mouthfuls. It was a sight to nauseate a man beyond all telling.

Thus the strangest day in the memory of the peaceful men of Garvey's Bay began.

Even the sky became leaden again and the wind sprang up, so that the fishers could not attend to the harvest of the sea, and Garvey's Bay spent the day in idleness.

They watched Gannish, and, as he seemed harmless enough, allowed him his will.

They suffered his inspection—the bravest of them—even to allowing him to run his fingers over their faces and shoulders.

It seemed as though he was trying to reconstruct—as he paused now and again—something that he had seen.

Then he would shut his eyes tightly, and screw up his fingers, shutting them and opening them like a man distraught with remorseful despair.

All this time the hut was his world, and he did not stir out.

Upon the beach outside people were crowding to see the great brown mud island beyond these sand-banks, which, happily for Garvey's Bay, still remained, despite the upheaval. Yet the Trough between the beach and the sand-banks was again so wild and boiling that none dared embark in the little cockle-shell boats and satisfy their curiosity as to this new landmark.

Thus, afternoon, says "Til" Vass, deepened into dusk, and dusk into evening . . . evening into night with the wind screaming a Valkyrie's Opera above Garvey's Ness.

The hanging lamp in "Til" Vass's hut swung in the draught that whistled through the crannies in the oakwood logs, casting a ghoulish light on the scene within.

Still in the corner did Gannish sit, his eyes staring ever before him, his fingers, half crooked, as though to claw, in his mouth. Now it had become necessary to watch him and calm him, for when the wind howled his eyes dilated, and he tore the old blue jersey, that Vass had lent him, quite down the breast from the neck, as though to free his shoulders.

Ever he moaned and breathed heavily through his nostrils, his face lighting up in ecstasy when the gale shrieked the louder on Garvey's Ness.

Vass, and old Simon Hawk, his fellow-watcher that night, had fallen into silence tense and strained.

Again the earth rumbled, and the little hut rocked seemingly.

The lamp swung and sputtered, and finally went out.

The rollers were booming and the thunder broke again over Garvey's Bay.

Inside the darkened hut there was a stirring, a ripping, a tearing.

Instinctively Vass and old Simon Hawk sprang to the doorway. They were flung aside like

children by the naked man-god who bounded out down the slope to the beach. His arms upraised above his head, Gannish ran with great strides across the moon-bathed beach to the sea.

Simon Hawk and "Til" Vass watched him as he waded strongly through the surging tide, withstood the buffet of the first breakers, and dived into the oncoming mountainous billow.

His head, a black dot in the seething Trough, showed under the baleful glare of the moon.

With a night-glass "Til" Vass watched him clamber up the sides of the Island. . . . Surely he was past all rescue now.

A storm-cloud darkened the moon, the growling thunder made up again, then all the artillery of the heavens was in action, fearsome to hear. Three times the jagged lightning streaked the sky, three times the earth rumbled.

There was a dead calm pause, and the storm-cloud moved off the face of the moon.

The men of Garvey's Bay looked.

Gannish and the Island were no more. The sea had taken back its own.

* * * * *
At this point "Til" Vass breaks off abruptly and produces a rusty strong box, the lock of which is broken. This, in calm weather, was found upon the rocks of Garvey's Ness by "Til" Vass himself.

Inside is a paper which relates to the release of one Lieutenant Leon Ganische, a political prisoner, from exiled captivity in a solitary sea-girt isle. It was the linguistic Simon who translated it at the time, so that Vass can read the French quite cleverly now.

The paper is a full pardon for a man admittedly found innocent.

From official observations in the space set apart for that purpose there is a line which plaintively remarks that the liberated prisoner suffers from a malady of the brain, possibly due to the solitude of his captivity, and makes it clear that the Lieutenant is being conveyed home by a special Government yacht that he may die in some sort of peace at his ancestor's chateau in fair Normandy.

That the said Government yacht was very elegantly fitted is testified to by Vass, who picked up various pieces of it on the foreshore of Garvey's Bay.

But Gannish of the Island was buried deeper than any of his line who are laid to rest under the shadow of the old chateau.

FOR THE INDOOR GARDEN.

For those whose garden is the sitting-room the following makes a novel decoration.

Take a carrot with the head left on, leave on a couple of inches of the root, and hollow it carefully so that it will hold water. Then hang this from the ceiling with pieces of wire. The hollow part must be kept filled with water, and it will become a veritable tangle of vivid feathery green, and quite an ornament to the room.

Watercress, too, can be grown indoors. Get a big flower-pot and a deep saucer, or, still better, a box with a perforated bottom and a zinc tray. Fill the tray with water, put some rubbish in the box, and a mound of light soil; plant some watercress seed, and keep the tray filled with water. The cress will come up in due course, and thrive amazingly. It is one of those things, too, that grow all the more for being cut and thinned.

Plants may be kept damp for a long time during the unavoidable absence of their owners if you keep a jug of water near the pots, and dip a piece of darning wool in the jug, letting the other end hang over the edge so that the water can drip on to the plant. If you have more than one pot, arrange several pieces of the wool so that each plant is watered from the same jug.

FOR YOUR BENEFIT.

We reserve the third page of the cover for the benefit of our readers.

You can obtain anything you want in the sporting line by means of a small advertisement there.

SPORT AND THE STAGE. SOME WELCOME SIGNS OF A SANER SPIRIT IN THE ENGLISH DRAMA.

To those of our readers who happen to follow with any closeness the doings of the theatrical world, it will be "old news" that, for a long time past, people have been wondering why the music-halls are, in a great measure, taking the bread out of the mouths of "legitimate" theatrical managers.

People who formerly liked nothing better than to sit and watch a play—tragedy, farce, comedy, drama, or what not—began gradually to patronise variety shows, and, noticing this, harassed theatrical impresarios cudgelled their brains feverishly for the reason—in many cases, with a strange lack of success.

For the reason is not hard to find. It is that the overwhelming majority of playgoers dislike the dramatic fare which is nowadays set before them at nine-tenths of our great theatres. They, happily, are sane-minded; but, alas! a sane play at the present day is hard to find. In almost every one the "sex problem" figures with deplorable prominence.

The average man, who is not intimately acquainted with the type of play presented at each of our theatres—as how many of us are?—finds, if perchance he elects to spend an evening at one of them, that he is to witness the mental agonies of some miserable female who is "tied to a drunken brute of a husband," and whose resistance to the pleading of a more presentable "lover" weakens with each successive act, and finally gives way altogether—to the secret exhilaration of the prurient-minded people before the footlights.

It is plays such as this that have of late years tended materially to kill the interest of the play-going public in the theatre, but—we breathe a portentous sigh of relief as we write the word—a new element has lately entered into the spirit of the drama, which promises a better and an eminently healthier state of things.

This element we are speaking of is the sporting element. Managers, recognising at last the powerful hold that sport has on the hearts of all Britons, are at last beginning to cater extensively for the healthy-minded by staging plays in which the plot hinges on the result of sporting encounters of various kinds.

Mr. Arthur Collins, the well-known and popular manager of Drury Lane Theatre, was among the first to recognise the importance of appealing to the tastes of the sporting public, with the result that the successful racing drama, "The Whip," was presented last autumn, and is to be revived during the early spring. Many of our readers again will remember that Mr. Seymour Hicks, too, was struck with the idea of producing a sporting play at the Aldwych Theatre, and intended engaging the well-known coloured pugilist Jack Johnson to appear in it; but for some reason this scheme has not yet materialised.

And now the play which is perhaps attracting the greatest measure of public interest is the "melodrama of the Ring" at the Adelphi Theatre, "The House of Temperley." It takes us back to the honest days of the Regency "blood," when Tom Cribb's saloon in the Haymarket was the resort of men who, though they were gathered from all classes of Society, still belonged—every man Jack of them—to one greater class, that of true sportsmen, men who loved the manly art purely for the joy that was in it. It is a drama of brawn and muscle and true sporting good-fellowship; and it is safe to say that in it the clean-minded playgoer has at last got what he has wanted badly for very many years.

A prominent dramatic critic describes it as "a play of manly spirit"—and as such we hail it heartily.

We have seen the adulterous wife, we have seen the demoralisation of the immature girl, we have seen the murder of the profligate by his repentant paramour. We are tired to death of the eternal triangle, and nauseated with the miserable emotions of the neurotic woman.

The sportsman has entered the dramatic arena; and we prophesy with confidence that through him the English stage will come by its own again.

JOHN STEPHEN COX.



RINKING POINTS.

LITTLE THINGS WHICH WILL LIGHTEN THE LEARNER'S TASK.

Nowadays if one asked a shrewd business man to name a really good money-making enterprise, it is odds that he would at once answer "Open a roller-skating rink."

All over the country, from Land's End to John o' Groats, rinking is the rage. Wherever a rink is established, one is sure to see from morning till night men and girls in their hundreds flocking to enjoy this fascinating time.

But when we see such crowds of revellers on their way to the various rinks, their eagerly anticipatory expressions naturally make one sympathise intensely with those unfortunate mortals who cannot skate and in whom, perhaps, the thought of the falls and bumps that must befall them before they attain proficiency, is sufficient to keep them from taking up the exercise.

Some people seem to believe that it is impossible to learn to roller-skate without the assistance of a professor; but this is a fallacy, and it is with the object of being of service to those readers who for some reason or other do not wish to take such lessons that this article is published.

FIXING THE SKATES.

First of all, what you should remember when first putting on your skates is to adjust them so that when you simply stand up in them you feel that your weight is as evenly as possible distributed over the wheels. Of course, if you have them put on for you there is no need to worry about this, but if you put them on yourself you should not forget it, for it is a more important point than many beginners imagine.

Next you should dismiss from your mind, as far as possible, all idea of "balancing" yourself. The simple fact of your thinking of balancing shows that you "funk" a fall or two; and it is just this point that will give you all the more tumbles. What every professor dins into the head of his pupils from the first is that they should exert all their will-power in eliminating all thought of fear. The less you funk falling the less you will fall—that is a recognised fact by all who know.

Now, we come to your first steps. Here you should remember not to emulate, at first, the style of the easy-gliding expert as shown by the posters outside the rink. You can't be graceful at first, for you cannot walk before you crawl.

GO EASY AT FIRST.

Don't try to push yourself off by shooting out your foot backwards. If you do you will inevitably fall on your face. Move just as if you were walking, that is, put forward one foot and then the other. Do this, of course, very slowly; and, if you possess a certain amount of confidence, you will be surprised to remark how quickly you will manage to get along.

But you must, naturally, expect one or two falls; and it will not be out of place here to give a hint how to fall when you know that it is inevitable. Keep every muscle limp; and *don't* throw out your hands to break your fall. If you do you will probably break an arm instead.

There is nothing terrible in a fall at roller-skating, if you fall properly. It comes to very little more than subsiding, with various degrees of grace, into a sitting posture.

Roller-skating, too, is very similar to walking, in that the right way—and this connotes the graceful way—is to move, not from the knees, but the hips. If you move from the knees, you will not only present a frightfully awkward appearance



assistance to you.

Then, when after a while—varying in extent in proportion to your aptitude and inclination for the pastime—you can be termed a proficient skater, the following hint for working up speed may be of service to you. It is what is called the American action; and we all know that our Yankee cousins are paramount at rinking.

GETTING UP SPEED.

Start off with the body bent forward and slightly crouching, something after the fashion of the start for a sprint race. But keep your hands clasped behind your back. Then, when you are well going, swing round first your right arm, then your left, and so on *in time with your stride*. By this I mean let your hand finish up against your body at exactly the moment that you come to the end of your stride; and if you do this, rhythmically, your speed will be increased to an enormous extent.

HARRY DAVIS.

THE GOOD-FELLOWSHIP OF THE REPORTERS' ROOM.

Nobody who has worked in the reporters' room of a big daily will ever wish for a jollier place wherein to meet light-hearted, jovial good fellows, each with a different temperament, but all sharing that most laudable characteristic, an entire absence of side.

Reporters are as a class men who, though they have looked upon life from all its view-points, still manage to retain a happy disposition and a sentiment of warm friendship towards their fellow-creatures—especially towards their brother-reporters. The man who doesn't feel at home after he has been in a reporters' room five minutes must be strangely dispositioned indeed.

No matter who he is—he may be just a casual visitor for the editor, and have been asked to wait in the reporters' room for a few minutes—the reporters will take him to their bosoms at once. A pouch will put in a mysterious appearance, and he will be invited to fill up his pipe; or if he has not one on him, a reporter will be ready with a cigarette. And all the while the reporters will chat with him as though they had known him for years.

And among themselves Pressmen reach the high-water-mark of good-fellowship; so that, after a long service in the reporters' room of a newspaper, to be called upon to leave it and its jovial associations is perhaps one of the saddest things there is in life.

There is a freemasonry about the men of the Press, with the product of whose work the public, is so familiar, while of the methods of it it knows so little, that is to be found in few professions.

but you will be much less steady on your feet, and will develop a "poky" sort of style which will hamper you immensely as time goes on.

Another big point to remember is not to tire yourself at the first few attempts. Some people think to themselves that, having paid their shilling to go into a rink, they will have their full money's-worth, and stay there two or three hours practising. Thus they tire themselves out, and at the very outset of their course of self-instruction lay up a store of aches and pains which is a great hindrance to their steady progress.

During the first weeks—and you will be wise if you substitute the word "months"—be satisfied when you have been practising for at most half an hour. If you limit yourself in this way, you will come to the rink next time with a freshness and an enthusiasm which will be a great

BUDD BECOMES A BIRD-FANCIER.

WHY HE FAILED AS A BREEDER.

There was no earthly reason why he should, for he knew about as much of birds as he does of the Stone Age, and that's nothing.

But some fond and foolish acquaintance took Budd to a bird show the other week, and talked to him of the high prices fetched by prize canaries, and the mischief was done.

He fitted up a room at his house as an aviary, and there's really no room to spare in that house, for Budd's got a family. So Budd's domestic bliss is a bit foggy just now, in consequence of the overflow of children into rooms not intended for their reception.

You see, I stay with Budd sometimes, and I object to being paired off with small boys who can't dress themselves, and want assistance in the too, too early morning—so I know!

But to return to the aviary. Budd's got as fine a collection of hen canaries as ever a fancier would wish to be without—he hasn't a cock among the blessed lot!

As for the prices he's given—well, he has to keep that dark from Mrs. Budd, or there'd be—

I'm a bachelor. I don't know quite what happens on these occasions. I've only "The Caudle Lectures" to go upon, and these, I fancy, may be out of date.

Budd tells me he's going in for mule breeding—there's only one mule that I know of, and that's Budd himself.

Then he showed me a hen goldfinch with much pride.

"Sings on a cat's back, my lad, or in the oven," he cried,

"Yes!" I said, "I dare say it will—when it sings! Depend upon it, Budd, when that bird sings it won't matter whether it's in the oven or under the bed—it won't make a bit of difference where it is."

And, hang it all, if Budd didn't grasp my hand with tears in his eyes, and say I was a good fellow to be so enthusiastic over his new hobby—he'd always remember it.

It's no use being sarcastic where Budd is.

I took a chap who knows all about canaries to see Budd's little lot, and I thought the fellow would have a fit when Budd started telling him what he thought of this Norwich and that Northern Fancy, and that self-colour and this cinnamon, and all the rest of the jargon. Calling this a Siefert and that a Hartz Mountain Roller, and mentioning incidentally the prices at which he valued them.

Budd took my friend's agitation for envy and amazement, and said that of all the people he'd ever talked to, that man knew the least about canaries—why, he didn't know t'other from which.

While the other man, as soon as we got outside exploded—"the finest private collection of common worth'less German hen canaries I ever saw got together by an ignoramus."

The last time I saw Budd he was busy pairing his birds (at the wrong time of year, of course).

I said, "Why don't you buy a book on breeding?"

He said he trusted to Nature, and inquired if the sparrows of the air "read up" before they nested?

After that, I felt it incumbent on me to retire crushed.

So I watched Budd in silence. He said he could handle a bird with anyone.

Perhaps he can—I noticed that after his handling one or two wouldn't require any further human assistance, for they lay lifeless at the bottom of the cage.

One or two others escaped down the stairs and found freedom in the back garden. But Budd was discreetly silent on these matters.

I left Budd putting a sickly hen with a fine strapping female of another variety under the impression that she was a cock. He's still waiting for a miracle to be performed in his aviary.

SIGISMUND SMITH.

WHERE MEN FOREGATHER

XLVIII. AT THE 'VARSITY.

All too many people—the fair sex especially—are under the impression that to include the 'Varsity as a place where men foregather is to convey a wrong impression. The "Varsity man" is to them nothing more than an overgrown schoolboy, who is still at his lessons when other men are earning their living, and perhaps bringing up a family.

And yet at the 'Varsity you do find men—men who have only just obtained their liberty, and who are apt to play boyish pranks, it is true; but still, men who are very much like other young men, and who, in their more serious moments, are fitting themselves for the learned professions, for business or politics, or for the administration of British rule abroad.

There are men, no doubt, whose wealthy parents send them to Oxford or Cambridge simply to be turned into gentlemen, with but little idea of their ever taking a degree. And there they spend a pleasant two years—or more if the authorities will let them—with their motor-cars and their polo-ponies, until they retire to do nothing in the greater world.

THE DAY'S WORK.

But these are not the men who go to make up 'Varsity life. They are the exception not the rule, and the real 'Varsity man is one who takes life much more seriously, both in the way of work and of sport.

He is possessed of more individuality than his stereotyped dress and manner of speaking would lead you to suppose. He has emerged from the chrysalis of the public-school boy who came up as a nervous fresher to the old college with all its traditions and its corporate life that seemed as if it could never find a place for him, and he can almost feel himself developing.

The 'Varsity day is for the average man divided into three parts. The morning is devoted to work, the afternoon to exercise, and the evening to social recreation and amusement; or, by not a few, again to work.

In the morning take place the lectures that are supposed to constitute one of the chief attractions of a University, and are all too often a mere waste of time and vexation of spirit.

In most cases they are given in one of the college lecture-rooms or halls and the audience may be numbered in couples or hundreds, according to the popularity and "usefulness" of the lecturer. If what he says is no use for the "schools," his audience will speedily dwindle as one by one his pupils "cut" his lectures.

UNRECORDED RULES.

All morning, and especially at the hours of ten, eleven, twelve, and one, when lectures are beginning or ending—for few last for more than an hour—the streets of the 'Varsity town are full of young men, some on foot, some scudding about on bicycles, but all carrying notebook and gown.

Let us stand a moment in "the High" at Oxford and watch some of those who pass.

The statutes ordain that lectures shall be attended in cap and gown; etiquette demands that the hated "mortar-board" be only worn on certain occasions when the stern eye of the Proctors necessitates it—in the examination schools, for instance, or at degree ceremonies.

And so very few of those who pass us wear the orthodox square—only a callow fresher here and there, or a smug who thinks that even 'Varsity



statutes must not be disobeyed. Perhaps that is why he eschews tobacco, since an unrepealed statute of centuries ago forbade it, while other statutes make punishable the carrying of bows and arrows in the streets or the playing of marbles on the steps of the Sheldonian Theatre.

The majority of the passers-by belong to the hatless brigade, for the time being at least, and most of them carry the thin black gown over their arm or around their neck, or anywhere but on their back, as Nature and the tailor intended.

But there is some excuse, at least for the commoner, for his "gown" is a quaint little atrocity no longer than his jacket, with two foolish-looking black strips hanging from the back of the shoulders, which can only have been put there to be pulled off. The scholar or exhibitioner wears a more resplendent garment, which falls below his knees, and differs

from the gown of a Bachelor of Arts only in the length of the sleeves, which only come just below the elbow.

WELL-FILLED EVENINGS.

And so all morning, down "the High," "the Broad," "the Turl," and "the Corn," the stream of undergraduate humanity goes on, so that from the top of its lofty towers Oxford looks like a veritable ant-hill.

In the afternoon these same streets will be almost deserted—except for the City life that seems to go on as if universities were never thought of—for the 'Varsity is taking its pastime on the playing fields, on the river or in the open country.

And then as the shadows begin to fall, dressing-gown-clad figures flit across the open quads on their way to the College bath-rooms, and thence to various cosy little tea-parties where great plates of "hotters" are consumed, or maybe only "training biscuits," and then in the deepening twilight pipes are lit up, and feet placed upon the mantelpiece, and all is peace and contentment and good-fellowship, until the monotonous tones of the chapel bell ring out and the party breaks up and goes its several ways.

ETIQUETTE.

The 'Varsity has a convention of its own that would be regarded as unconventional by one with no experience of its inner life.

It has an etiquette, too, which it takes a newcomer some time to pick up, and there are hundreds of unwritten laws floating about in the air, like the College rules, and from all this bewildering tangle the freshman has to discriminate between the things to do and the things that are "never done."

It crops up in the most absurd little details, this etiquette. For instance, 'Varsity men will shake hands on being introduced, for formal introductions are the rule, but, whether they have known each other for an hour or a lifetime, they will not shake hands on parting. I have even heard a man apologise for doing so absent-mindedly, saying that he had not yet got out of the habits of the "vac."

The "vac," needless to say, stands for the vacation. To speak to an Oxford man of his holidays or to ask when he is "going back" is an insult. He goes "up" just as other people go "up" to London.

The 'Varsity man speaks in a language not understood of the ordinary individual. He has a weird habit of trying to improve on the terminations of English words.

But, to do him justice, he usually has the good taste to drop his 'Varsity dialect and many of his 'Varsity mannerisms when in the company of others to whom they are not familiar.

PETER GILCHRIST.

WHEN LOVE GROWS STALE.

A HUMAN SKETCH.

She was very pretty still—he admitted it quite calmly, and yet she might have been as ugly as sin is said to be and is not, for all he cared.

He had come to the inevitable end of the Rake's Progress. Blue eyes, crimson mouth, and hair of gold or auburn had no longer the charm to hold his senses as in the past. He was sick of love.

"What is the matter with you to-night?" she asked.

"Nothing," was his reply.

She laughed—a very musical laugh, and yet it made him think of "the crackling of thorns under a pot."

"Then don't give it the compliment of such a serious face," she said lightly, and puffed a whiff of smoke into his face.

He was the envy of all his friends and acquaintances because La Belle Ita had smiled upon him and given him certain privileges in exchange for paying her bills and giving her costly gifts.

"You are a lucky dog" had been their spoken verdict.

Lucky! he drained glass after glass, and she watched him at first with a little amusement.

"These English are so droll," she thought, with a shrug of her perfect shoulders.

That he was tired—satiated to death—never occurred to her. She was in the habit of dismissing her lovers; she tired, not they.

But this man was sick of love, and this beautiful woman was but to him a type of the whole sex—he was wearied of the lot!

"Paul, are you going to take me out to-night?"

She had risen and the light fell on her auburn head and her lovely face, and on his diamonds flashing in her ears and about her throat.

"No!" he said sullenly, eyeing her the while with indifferent eyes.

Something like surprise showed itself in her eyes for a moment, then she left the room. And he let her go.

He heard a voice in the hall.

"It's that beast Jacobsen," he muttered, and half rose to his feet with the intention of interfering. Then he sat down again and drew the bottle nearer. He was sick of love.

Through his hazy brain ran some words he was once familiar with:

"Comfort me with apples, stay me with flagons, for I am sick of love."

And a woman's musical laughter answered the sallies of "that beast Jacobsen."

When a man gets to the stage when an apple is more to him than the cherries of a woman's lips, and a brandy-and-soda more than her kisses, what does it matter to him that another snatches at the prize he has ceased to value.

Under a gas-lamp in a street just off the fashionable quarters of the West-End, stood a woman—at least God made her for one, so let her pass.

The French shoes were down at heel and sodden with mud from the still wet pavement. From under her big feathered hat escaped some tresses still auburn.

Her silken skirts had long since seen their best days, and the stones that sparkled in the gaslight were as much a mockery and a sham as her forced smile.

It was growing very late. Unless her luck turned, she must go back to her sordid lodgings as poor as when she came out, to face the virago who kept them.

A man came down the street. She glanced at him from under her darkened lids, but his face was set in the lines of the Avenging Angel, and she cowered under her paint.

He looked at her—and knew her.

He drew out a gold coin, and she took it.

"So you, too, have come to the end a little later than I did," he muttered, as he went on his way.

But the woman cannot comfort herself with apples when love grows stale!

A. M. STEWART.



A NIGHT'S SPORT

A NEW WAY OF CATCHING RABBITS.

I had cycled out from town to visit a friend, a farmer's son, in the country, and while I was enjoying a good supper John suddenly asked me if I was game for a bit of sport that night.

I replied that I was game for anything, and felt not a bit tired.

John remarked that that was a good job, and then added, rather irrelevantly I thought, "You can do your hundred yards under eleven seconds, can't you?"

On my informing him that I had contrived to do so in our last sports, he said, "All right, W.W.W.P. (which, I may explain, means 'weather, wine, and women permitting'), we'll get some rabbits to-night."

"Got a good light on your bike?" was his next query. To which I replied that there wasn't a lamp as good within twenty miles.

INTO THE DARKNESS.

My curiosity was now aroused, all the more so as John dragged me to the door to inspect the appearance of the night; and as I remarked that it was as dark as pitch, he observed that it was the very night for the purpose.

John's next performance was to don an old jacket, providing me with another, adding, as he did so, that rabbits' blood was bad to remove from a coat.

The plan now began to dawn upon me, and as we were getting our acetylene lamps in order, John made his whole procedure clear to me. We were to sally out among the rabbits at the time they took their nocturnal walks, and by the glare of our lamps stupefy them into coming within our reach, and condescending to be killed by our sticks. This was John's plan, of the success of which I did not feel very certain.

FIRST FUTILE EFFORTS.

However, John had been at the game before, and knew best. Our lamps burning brightly, John led the way through many fields till we came to the "link," where he said we might begin. I got my final instructions, which were to hold my light low, and to keep chasing one rabbit until I caught him.

I observed that I would try, and we moved to a distance of fifty yards or so from each other. We had not got very far when I saw John's light suddenly bob about in a marvellous fashion, and then—but there was a scampering within the zone of my light, and I saw jumping before me a grey mass—a rabbit.

I rushed after it with my ten yards per second speed, but suddenly it doubled, dashed between my legs before I could strike it, tumbled into a ditch, out again, and off it ran.

Here another rabbit thought fit to come into the sphere of action, and, forgetting my instructions, I rushed after it, with the consequence that, as it was fresh and I was not, I lost both.

BUNNY'S ILLUSION.

Once they got out of the range of the glaring light, they made up for lost time by putting several hundred yards between themselves and danger. I suppose they buried themselves in their respective holes, and at the next rabbit council meeting, took occasion to congratulate each other on their escape from that awful monster. Now I saw John approaching, and as my light shone on him, and he mutely turned his back, I counted one—two—three rabbits. He had tied them by a string over his shoulder so as not to interfere with his running, and he advised me to do the same when I caught any.

He consoled me on my loss, and off we set again. I had gone only another fifty yards when up jumped a bunny, tumbled into a few tufts of grass, and then lay still—dead, after a blow from my stick.

I now began to see the scientific explanation of bunny's inability to run with his usual speed,



this being the effect of the alternation of bright light and black shadow thrown by the tufts of grass, the latter all forming barriers which bunny imagines he has to jump.

So when he comes to a ditch he jumps into it and not across, and almost breaks his neck by running into a molehill which he doesn't think is there.

However, when he gets to level grass, where there is nothing to stop him, he increases his speed, and as bunny's wind is better than a mere human's, the chances are that he will get clear away.

TWO BIG BAGS.

This one fastened on my back, I proceeded as before, almost always with success, chasing, killing, tying on, and chasing again.

By the time I had got seven, all in the space of an hour and a half, my burden was fairly heavy, and I was glad when I saw John approach likewise heavily burdened.

He had got nine, and congratulated me on my success. He thought we had frightened all the rest into their holes by that time, and suggested that we should go home.

I agreed, but evidenced my inability to do so by having not the least idea in which direction home lay.

However, after a study of the sky, I became convinced that I, and not the Pole Star, had lost my bearings, and followed John in the direction he set home. The only incident on the homeward journey was my chasing a solitary sheep, the sound of whose trotters I mistook for a rabbit's scampering. Needless to say I did not put him on my back with the rabbits when I discovered my mistake.

RABBIT-PIE.

We arrived home at 1.30 a.m. and found a second supper, which, by the way, we enjoyed thoroughly, waiting for us. Then we got off to bed, and rose again not with the lark, but in time for a stroll before lunch.

I shall ever remember that splendid night's sport; I am projecting another soon, when the moon condescends to keep out of sight, and I would advise all modern men who may have the opportunity to go and do likewise; there is no excitement like it.

As a townsman, too, I thoroughly enjoyed the silence and stillness of the country night. Even the sky was something fresh, for there were a million stars here for every one I see through my city's atmosphere. And the hoot of an owl was a pleasing change from that of a taxicab.

And, by the way, there is one part of the enjoyment I almost forgot to relate, that is the splendid rabbit-pie cooked afterwards on this occasion by John's sister, with whom—. But that is another story.

F. ALDON.

IN THE CAFÉ SMOKING-ROOM.

A MEETING-PLACE OF MEN.

No other places are so exclusively used—and so thoroughly appreciated—as the smoking-room of the popular tea-shop, or light refreshment restaurant, by the manhood of London. And of all the hours of the day when these places are at their liveliest and in their most attractive aspect, that which follows immediately after luncheon is the best and most typical.

Then, deep down the stairs, below the street level and out of the roar of the traffic, a man may be a man and forget that for a large part of every day of his life he must also be something of a machine grinding another's corn, handling another man's money, or taking some other part, more or less monotonous and uninspiring, in the soul-less drudgery of commerce.

Most of us are too far from the real heart of commercial things to find much excitement, inspiration, or novelty in the day's work. Commerce has its romances and its dangers, its risks and its achievements, but not much of the spirit of these things gets as far as the office stool and the day-book and ledger in the average office. And all offices are average offices.

And so it happens that with the luncheon hour there comes reaction, and men remember that they are men, and that life has varied and vigorous pleasures that form no part of the routine of the bank, the warehouse, and the shop.

They make for the smoking-room, which is also their club by day. Streaming in from the street incessantly, they fill the place with a new life and bustle; the waiting girls are kept busy with orders—the cup of coffee is the chief thing in demand.

All of them are smoking like chimneys, pipes for the most part, for the pipe carries with it an atmosphere of comfort and freedom unknown to the flimsy and unsatisfying cigarette, and less formal than the luxurious, and expensive, cigar.

They are of infinitely varied types, are these men, but, sitting with eyes and ears open in an obscure corner, one is not long in doubt as to the things they are really interested in.

As the atmosphere grows thick with many a fragrant cloud, the scene shifts to places far from the madding crowd of traffic outside and away over the house-tops to the open country.

More than half the men are living over again in brisk and full-flavoured conversation the sports they have lately enjoyed or those they have set their hearts upon for the immediate future. There are few plans made for far-distant dates, and the uncertain opportunities of a never certain next year. "Now is the time!" seems to be their motto in sport, and as we watch the scene there comes across the hum of talk some breath straight from the open road as two men discuss their last long ride of the week-end and discuss the route for the next.

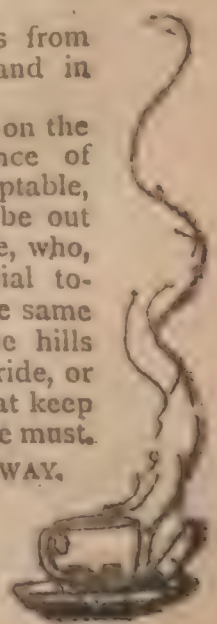
But the chatter goes beyond the bicycle and drifts from sport to sport, and always with a keen zest on the part of the men.

But there presides over the smoking-room a slave-driver in the shape of a bland-faced clock, whose word is unmistakable and must be obeyed; and as the hand draws near the hour the magic switch that carried their thoughts into the open is reversed, and London and its work claims them again.

There is much knocking of burnt ashes from pipes whose fires have smouldered out, and in groups men rise and pay and pass out.

If you are in the least given to reflection on the inner meaning of the outward appearance of things, you will see in these crowds the adaptable, cheerful Englishman, the man who must be out and doing; the man to whom exertion is life, who, whether as Volunteer of old or as Territorial to-day, will march and drill and shoot with the same sheer delight in activity as he will tramp the hills or run with the harriers, or box, or fish, or ride, or do any of the thousand and one things that keep the blood running clean because—because he must.

M. HOLDAWAY.



GEORGE'S MOVING JOB

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

By VINCENT BALE.

"I'm on the flit," wrote George to me. "Come round and help."

I went round. My only excuse is that I had never before been even remotely connected with a moving job, and I was therefore absolutely ignorant of what being "on the flit" involved.

George lives in rooms—rooms that contain a medley of his own and his landlady's furniture. I guessed I was wanted to help in the process of "sorting out," George and Mrs. Potts having quarrelled in the most deadly fashion over "Tommy Burns," George's latest canine investment, who celebrated his arrival at the Potts' domicile by chewing up the landlady's best bonnet, and displaying a marked tendency to do the same to the landlord's trousers.

The landlord, being inside the trousers at the time, naturally objected to "Tommy Burns's" method of signifying approval of his taste in trousering, and gave vent to his opinion of that noble animal and that noble animal's master in terms considerably more lurid than polite.

Mrs. Potts demanded a new bonnet, Mr. P. the immediate extermination of "Tommy Burns." And I must admit that my sympathies were all with the Pottses. I know the villainous kind of dog George affects.

On the stairs leading to George's rooms I met this fierce animal. We became enemies on sight. Usually I am friendly towards dogs. I like them. I reserve a special smile for them, which I accompany with a gurgle of "Goo' ol' boy." This one I yearned to kick.

It is not always wise to indulge oneself, however, especially when the enemy is blocking the way and looks vicious.

So I twisted my mouth about, and said "Hullo, old fellow," with forced jocularly, that didn't impose on the intelligence of Thomas one whit. I will not dwell on what ensued.

Suffice it to say that by the time George heard the commotion and came on the scene, his dog was closely attached to me, much too closely, in fact, for actual comfort.

The dog being disposed of, I followed George into his sitting-room. To me a partially-dismantled room has something pathetic in it. I could not help thinking, as I gazed on the general muddle, how much such a room resembles the mess some people make of life. I was about to give vent to my sentiments to George and William Henry—William Henry had also come to help—when I suddenly stood on the broom.

The broom, of the long-handled variety, was lying on the floor. I stepped on the head, whereupon the handle, apparently resenting such treatment, promptly rose up and hit me in the face. My fierce exclamation so unnerved William Henry, who was taking down the pictures, that he dropped an aunt of George's, done in oils, in a crinoline and a coal-scuttle bonnet.

George, holding the ladder for William Henry, received his relative on his head. George said he was rather glad I'd come.

I pointed out to George that the room was hardly the proper place for the broom. His query as to what was the proper place I ignored.

George and I had to buy "out-size" hats as a result of this preliminary skirmish, having each developed an extra bump. As for William Henry, he was so overcome that he got half a bottle of whisky down his throat before anyone could stop him. He was "all of a shake." I tried the "shaking" business on myself afterwards, but



it didn't work. George and William Henry had already disposed of all the whisky.

"Now then, old man," said George to me, "you've got to work. Don't stand about in other people's way. Do something."

This is how George talks. He pretends to be most dreadfully energetic. Really, when William Henry is dead, George will be the laziest person alive.

I felt a little bit annoyed at George's tone, especially as, during the few minutes I had been in the place, I had already sustained considerable damage. I have no real objection to helping, of course; but I don't like being hustled.

I asked George what I should do first.

"Well, there's that lot of china," said he, with his mouth full of tin tacks. "Pack it into a case."

I packed it into a case. I had just finished when George inquired whether I had wrapped it up first. I had not. I unpacked it, wrapped everything up in tissue paper, and nailed down the lid.

I had just finished when the landlady sent up for her china ornaments.

I looked for them. George looked for them. William Henry, in his lumbering way, did the same. The landlady came up to help.

We discovered I must have put them in the case. George said a man of my intellect was evidently wasted as a packer. A rest cure, preferably in the neighbourhood of Colney Hatch, was more in my line. The landlady smiled a superior smile, and said it was as well she came up in time.

I expostulated. Did she suppose we wished to appropriate her ornaments?

She sighed, and said "There was no knowing anyone, as far as she could see." She had evidently made up her mind I was an arch-criminal.

I repacked the case, and left the hammer inside. Just as I had got all the things out again, George desired me to come and hold a bundle of things while he and William Henry corded it. I obeyed. Unfortunately, George over-estimated the strength of the cord. It gave way. George landed just where I had left the tacks.

We were half-an-hour picking the tacks off George. Still, it might have been worse. He might have fallen among the china. George wondered, with quite unnecessary violence, what blithering idiot had left the tacks there.

I mentioned that the particular blithering idiot that had, could hardly have foreseen that another blithering idiot was going to sit on them. At which George swore.

"Moving jobs" are extraordinary. It is a remarkable fact that the more things you pack up, the more there seem to be lying about. At the end of the evening George's rooms were so loaded with things that it was impossible to move. Where they came from was quite mysterious.

Of course, if the other two—and the dog, who got loose and made an end to the china by jumping in the case—had made themselves scarce, I've no doubt I could have managed beautifully. When you get two hulking men hanging round in your way, doing nothing, not to mention a ferocious beast that insists on "seizing" the very things that you are packing up, life itself becomes a problem.

Still, what was done towards George's moving, I think I may say I did.

George and William Henry say the same, only they say it about themselves.

The funny part of it is that while each agrees—and rightly—that the other has been more hind-

rance than help, they join forces in sneering at my efforts. And that after I had wasted a whole evening, had no dinner, bumped my head, spoiled a pair of trousers through kneeling in them, and caught a fearful cold through working in my shirt-sleeves. But George and William Henry never did appreciate me.

I quite admit that it was unfortunate that, in taking down the curtains, I should have accidentally dropped the hammer through the window. Still, I do not think that the abuse I met with was justified. It was not at all necessary for George to tremble and pretend to be afraid of being charged with the attempted murder of unconscious passers-by, or to swindle me out of a sovereign, in order, so he said, to bribe the policeman.

Nor was it necessary for them both to sit with folded arms for the rest of the evening, declaring I made them too nervous to do anything further. Of course that flurried me, and of course I broke more things. George said at last I'd better stop. He said there were a few things still whole that he treasured, and he'd like to keep them if he could.

I'm afraid that George's attempt at moving himself did not prove a success. We all got various injuries, the dog got numerous kicks, in breakages we easily outstripped half-a-dozen average housemaids, we all got very irritable, and we finished up with a row.

This all happened a very long while ago, but even now, when we want to be specially insulting, we discuss the events of the terrible night which helped George pack up.

And after all, George didn't move. He made up with his landlady, sold the dog, and stayed where he was. As a matter of fact, he is there still, for whenever he feels inclined to change his "digs," he reckons up what that night's packing cost him, and decides that moving is too expensive a luxury for a man of moderate means.

THE CARE OF WALKING-STICKS.

Every man regards his walking-sticks with affection, but surprisingly few men take the trouble to express this affection by giving them their practical care.

So long as he does not lose the stick, a man is content to let it wear itself out, at the lower end especially, and to die a lingering death with ferrule to protect its old age and no oiling to preserve its outer coat.

Sticks should be overhauled regularly. No one of them should be used for long spells without rest. They are apt to get knocked about along their entire length, chipped and dented, and dirty.

It is a good plan to give them an occasional rub down with an oily cloth and follow this with a brisk dry rubbing.

Never neglect a loose or cast ferrule. Have the defect put right at once.

FREEDOM OF CUE.

Have you ever witnessed a professional billiard match, and marvelled at the fact that the players with the easiest action imaginable, and without the faintest sign of thumping the balls, nevertheless make them travel round and round the table. It is long odds that you have. This is because professionals can boast what so few amateurs possess—freedom of cue.

An instructor, if he is a good one, always makes his pupil put in a long spell at striking a ball on the table before initiating him into the simplest scoring strokes. This is to train him to "send the cue out." In order to do this properly, and to obtain freedom of cue, you should let your arm all the way from the shoulder, and not from the elbow—do all the work. On no account hit hard.

Many an enthusiastic novice at billiards wishes earnestly that when playing a "loser" he could make the object-ball "come round" to such a position as to enable him to bring off a simple stroke again either in the same or another pocket.

Well, if he manages to acquire a certain amount of freedom of cue he will be delighted to find that the object-ball will automatically come back



TIN GODS ALMIGHTY

PEOPLE WHO ARE NOT ALWAYS AS IMPORTANT AS THEY THINK.

The present age breeds them, although, paradoxically enough, men are less independent than they used to be.

But then your tin god almighty is not as a rule an independent man. Sometimes he is; your small shopkeeper, for example, is often a tin god almighty, a tyrannical law-giver to his subordinates, a swine who misuses his position to sweat and harry those beneath him.

Your real T.G.A., however, is the product of trusts and companies; he is an underling dressed in a little brief authority.

Sometimes he holds a pretty big position as managing director or manager, but as often as not he is a long way down the ladder, though none the less almighty for that.

Tin gods almighty are very prevalent in journalism, not so much as editors as sub-editors. A journalistic maxim is "Never let the sub-editor get his knife into you," and there is cynical sense in it. The sub-editor can make things very unpleasant for you if he likes, and it is well to keep in his good books. At the same time beware of leaning on him.

HIDDEN EDITORS.

From his conversation and general deportment you are apt to imagine that he really is somebody, and having secured his favour you think that you are all right. Then comes a rude awakening. The editor or the proprietor suddenly wakes up, and you find that your fancied god is but tin, and not at all almighty after all. The editor won't have the ideas and articles that the sub. accepted from you, and you are rudely cast into the outer darkness. But while the editor sleeps, the sub. is a tremendous fellow. This is especially the case with the sixpenny illustrated papers.

I have never seen the editor of a sixpenny illustrated paper—that would be too much happiness—but I have met many sixpenny subs. It is a good deal easier to interview the German Emperor than to induce the sixpenny sub. to see you. It is always "impossible" to see you to-day, that is his favourite word. When by any chance you do see him he is overwhelming. So busy that he cannot even invite you to sit down; you make a few suggestions, but he waves them aside before they are fairly out of your mouth. An ordinary business man would at least give you an attentive hearing, but the sixpenny sub. is not a business man. He must prove his tin godhead by flouting you. Perhaps that is why so few sixpenny illustrated papers pay.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

But I have been putting the cart before the horse, for before you get to the sub-editor you have to pass the office-boy.

Sometimes the office-boy is a young man with a pimply face, a "gold" pin, and an insatiable appetite. Anyway, whatever time of the day you call he is enjoying a meal which he continues to devour while you cool your heels. Between courses he reads a paper, attends to some book-keeping, and at last languidly approaches you. To your inquiry for Mr. Blank he has three answers, "Out," "Engaged," "Can't see no one to-day." If, however, you insist that you have an appointment, he reluctantly takes your name, repeats it to his assistant, mangling it horribly in doing so, and then resumes his perennial lunch.

A friend of mine, who is an Army man, had an amusing experience the other day. He had some photographs of special interest and took them down to one of the illustrated papers. After the usual twenty minutes, the office-boy took in his card, and my friend overheard the following:

Sub-editor (wearily): "Who is he?"
Office-boy: "Well, 'e calls 'isself Captin' Dashi, but I reckon 'e's one of them there artists trying



it on. 'Es got a bundle of drawings under 'is arm. Shall I tell 'im you're engaged?"

And the one T.G.A. dispatched the other T.G.A. to tell my friend to call again.

T.G.A.'s, however, are not confined to journalism. You meet them in the Army, though the old type of lecturing thick-headed martinet is happily dying out. You meet them, too, in church, pompous parsons who are convinced that the world revolves around their own particular parish pump.

Secretaries of institutions are often tin gods almighty, more especially where they are paid for the work that they don't do, while stage-door keepers almost invariably suffer from a mistaken sense of their self-importance.

"NOW THEN, 'URRY ON THERE!"

Why did the tube railway companies have to issue instructions to their employees to treat passengers with civility? Simply because these same employees were fast becoming tin gods almighty who fancied that the passengers existed for their benefit, not they for the benefit of the passengers. And so too with telephone operators, who had to be publicly called to order because they were developing the tin god almighty's characteristic of misusing a little power to make people uncomfortable.

From all tin gods almighty may the Lord deliver us, especially from those that sit in Parliament.

T. B. WALDRON.

COPPER BEATING.

A PAYING HOBBY.

Have you ever tried copper beating as a hobby? Just now the demand for such work is very keen, and neither costly tools nor much practice are necessary to make quite a good thing out of it.

The lead block you can make at home. Take about 8lb of scrap lead and melt up with three or four pounds of tin or zinc; melt in an old pan, and run in a frame to make a pad about $\frac{3}{4}$ in. thick. This is all you need in this line, and equal to anything you can buy.

You may also make your sand pad. Get the local cobbler to cut you two round plates of strong leather; sew these together about 1-8 in. from the edge, leaving a slit about 1 in. long. Now pack as tightly as possible with Calais sand, sew up, and flatten out.

The remaining tools required are a hammer, chasing tool, one large and one small embossing tool, and one coarse and one fine grounding tool; one ring tool completes your order. These will cost you about ten shillings.

Now for the actual work. For practice try chasing straight lines and curves on old tin or scrap copper, trying to hold your tool lightly and to deliver an even stroke with your hammer. Also practise using your grounding tool, avoiding the irregular look which comes from uneven hammer strokes.

A good thing for the beginner to tackle next is a finger-plate for a door.

Choose some bold, simple pattern, draw it on paper, and transfer by means of carbon paper to the sheet-copper.

Carefully chase in your lines, taking care not to cut through the metal. This must be done on the lead block.

Now turn your work upside down on the sand pad. The pattern will be easily seen from behind, and must be boldly embossed with a suitable tool or thrown into relief by running a firmly chased line down the centre of the pattern.

Turn your work back on to the lead block, and, by just using the chasing tool on the traced lines, carefully straighten out your plate previous to grounding your work.

The grounding tool is used wherever there is no pattern, and not only flattens out your work, but throws into relief, by contrast, your pattern. To complete your work, cut out to required size and go round the border with your ring tool.

Finally clean the work with a stiff nail-brush and brick-dust. With a very little practice you may turn out very handsome things, which form very useful presents and may bring grist to the mill.

JOHN E. HALL.

THE MODERN MAN LEAGUE.

We have now had the pleasure of enrolling many thousands of readers as members of THE MODERN MAN League, but we want to enrol all our friends; hence our re-printing of this announcement. By becoming a member you pledge yourself to do what you can to further good sportsmanship and good fellowship.

The badge gives you the privilege of speaking to other members without the formality of an introduction, for you are both friends of ours.

These are the badges we supply, with their respective prices: Gold-plated tie-pin or safety-pin, 6d.; gold-plated lapel or cap badge, 6d.; gold-plated pendant for watch-chain, 6d.; solid silver tie-pin or safety-pin, 1s.; solid silver lapel or cap badge, 1s.; solid silver pendant for watch-chain, 1s.; 9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.; 18-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 12s.

Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclose it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post your letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London. Please write the word "League" on the top left-hand corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League, and forward me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, gold-plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for the watch chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do not apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....



The League
Badge.
(Actual Size)

SPRING FOOTBALL TOURS.

AN ARTICLE ALL FOOTBALLERS WILL READ WITH INTEREST.

Readers of THE MODERN MAN, who, like the present writer—although now, alas! such joys are over for me—have played or are playing amateur football, whether Rugby or Association, will no doubt agree with me when I say that not the least enjoyable part of the football season is that which is now upon us, when teams are wont to pack up their bags and “go on tour.”

At no other time does so much good-fellowship reign among the members of a team as when they have to live together, travel together, and train together—though in few cases is much training done on tour—besides playing together.

At about this time of the year the local amateur cup competitions are generally over; and satisfied with the position you have attained in the honours list, your captain beams upon you at the weekly committee meeting, and reads out the tour list compiled by the hard-working secretary.

“The tour starts next Saturday, boys, and extends over a fortnight,” he says. “Now, then, hands up, all you of the first and second who can manage to go.”

Some of you, of course, for business reasons, are not able to go, but still a goodly show of hands results.

“Let’s see,” says the skipper, counting up, “that’s one too many, but never mind, we’d better take a spare man. Some of you men—I’m not going to mention names—might make yourselves ill with stuffing, and we should want a reserve.”

So that a twelfth or a sixteenth name is included in the team; and then, when you have all been ordered to be on the platform with all your “traps” at 10 a.m. on the day appointed, the meeting breaks up.

Then what a jolly time you have in the train on the way to your first match! The really serious part of the season is over, and the matches you are going to contest are only “friendlies,” so you are able to take things easy. So the captain says not a word of dissent when pipes or cigarettes are produced; and even when a large flask of Somebody’s Something Dew puts in a mysterious appearance he does not grumble. In fact, he seems rather pleased; but, like a good captain, he feels that it is his duty to taste it first, to see that it is not of inferior quality!

Then the chief topic of conversation centres in the character of the man in whose house you are to receive hospitality during your stay in the first town or village on your tour list. Probably he is some local big-wig who takes an interest in football; and, if so, you are certainly in for a good time.

Perhaps one or two of you register a determination in secret—I know I did—not to let any officious man-servant collar your bag in order to unpack it for you. Bachelors’ bags in many cases contain, or lack, all sorts of things which their owners decidedly prefer to keep to themselves!

You catch yourself wondering, too, whether your host possesses any pretty daughters. Football tours are *always* so much more enjoyable in such cases! If so, you wish that fellow—wasn’t with the team. He always manages, in some way that you, personally, can’t understand, to monopolise the attention of the fair sex.

Again you hope, too, that your host will not carry his keenness on your victory to any great excess. Hosts who do this are often the very d—, I mean, very hard to put up with. They arrogate to themselves the position of honorary trainer, and sternly refuse to let you have any “baccy—ugh!”—give the butler strict orders not to put any spirits on the table, enforce early retiring, and generally keep you in tighter good order than you’ve observed during the whole of the season.

But such hosts as these are only exceptions to a very pleasant rule. The majority of the men who entertain teams on tour are jolly old dogs, who give you a time that you recall with pleasure for many a long day.

R. C. BROWNE.

MY NOTEBOOK.

OUR PUBLICATION DAY.

You will observe that I have altered the day of publication from Wednesday to Monday.

At first I did not allow the newsagents to sell the paper before Wednesday morning, although it was in the hands of many of them a day earlier. To some extent I was acting on traditional usage, for it is the custom of most papers to restrict their publication day and to stop supplies to anyone who may put it out earlier than the officially appointed time.

I believe that this custom originated from the fact that at one time various papers ran a certain type of competition in which those who secured copies earlier than other readers obtained an unfair advantage. But in THE MODERN MAN we do not have competitions, and I began to see that there was no reason why the paper should not be sold on Tuesdays by those newsagents who were able to get their supplies on that day.

I still left the nominal day of publication as Wednesday. I did this because in the outlying parts of Ireland, in the North of Scotland, and in the Channel Islands, the paper was still unobtainable until Wednesday, and I did not like my readers in these places to feel that they were getting their paper a day later than others.

My latest departure has been to speed up matters all round, so that the paper is now obtainable in every corner of the United Kingdom first thing on Monday morning.

I believe that this change will be acceptable to all my readers, and if any difficulty is found, either at railway bookstalls or at shops, in getting the paper sharp on Monday morning, I should be very much obliged to you if you would drop me a post-card and give me particulars.

The arrangements I have made are sufficient to ensure the newsagents in all parts being able to sell the paper on Monday morning, and, if your particular agent does not have it at that time, the fault lies not with me but with him or his wholesale house. If you will let me have his name, I shall see that you are not disappointed in future.

GIVING AWAY ORIGINAL DRAWINGS.

As you are aware, we use a large number of sketches each week as illustrated headings to the various stories and articles. Hitherto it has been our custom to destroy the original drawings after they have been returned to us by the engravers, but it has just struck me that you might care to have some of them. These original drawings are exactly twice as large as the reproductions of them that appear in the paper, and many of them are very suitable for framing.

I do not propose to make any charge for these drawings, but shall be happy to give them to you if you will let me know which one you want.

Naturally the demand for certain drawings will be fairly large, and many applicants may be disappointed. If you write for a drawing, therefore, I shall be much obliged if you will give me four or five alternative sketches that you would care to have if your first favourite has already been sent to someone else.

In dealing with these applications, we shall send the sketch out to the writer of the first letter in which it is asked for; if your letter applies for the same sketch and is opened subsequently, it is, of course, impossible for us to send you the drawing also, but if you mention a few alternatives as we suggest, we shall be happy to send you one or other of them.

This is not a business proposition, but purely a friendly offer, and I am quite willing to pay the postage, so there is no need for you to enclose stamps.

ENVY.

I wish that readers would cease to send me letters expressing envy of myself and my particular mode of life.

I have just been reading one, in which the writer says: “You seem to be without a care in the world. You have established a highly successful publication, and have done an infinite

amount of good thereby. You have a healthy sporting outlook on life, and you always seem to be pretty cheerful. I wish I could say the same of myself.”

For my own part I have long since given up envying any other man. I remember at one time envying people, but I always found out that somewhere about the rose there was a thorn that made me, with fuller knowledge, feel more content with my own lot.

THE CASE OF A COMEDIAN.

A case in point occurs to me. It happened when I was a youngster. At that time I was more fond of theatre-going than I am now, and frequently I patronised the local music-hall.

On this particular occasion there was appearing there a comedian who was at that time unknown in London, but who is now one of our leading stars—in fact, I believe he receives the largest salary paid to any music-hall artist.

On this evening his show was as successful as usual. His smile was as full of glee and his merriment was as infectious. The audience sang the chorus of one song while he was changing his clothes for the next, and it clapped till its hands were sore after each number, in order to compel him to sing once more.

A journalist with whom I had scraped acquaintance, and who wrote the weekly notice concerning this hall for one of the local papers, came up to me.

“You wouldn’t think,” he said, “that his mother is dying. Every time that he goes off at the end of a song he is expecting to have a telegram handed to him. I have just come up from behind the scenes, where I was chatting with him. The poor chap is in an awful way, but she is too far off for him to get there even if he cut this performance, and he has pluckily decided not to disappoint the public.”

Even as he finished speaking, the comedian came back upon the stage dressed in a grotesque exaggeration of a certain national costume, grinning broadly, planting a massive crooked walking-stick on the stage beside him as jauntily as usual, sending the audience into fits of merriment, and making life for them a better and a brighter thing.

PLUCK.

I believe that this journalist and myself were the only two people in that audience who did not laugh at the comedian’s song, for we were the only two who knew what was in the man’s own heart.

He stuck it out without flinching, and even allowed the audience to force him into the usual number of encores, but I could very well imagine his feeling of relief when finally the curtain was rung down and the number of the next turn went up.

And yet there were many in that audience who envied him. All they knew about him was that he was earning—even then—as much in a week as many of them did in a year. They envied his talent also. Of the sorrow that had come to him they knew nothing, and he had the pluck to hide it from them.

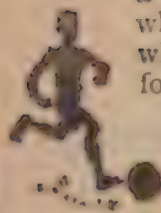
I wonder whether it has ever struck my correspondent that the cheerfulness of an editor may at times resemble that of the comedian of whom I have spoken.

A man may win business success, and yet have a private sorrow to bear. He does not, if he is a man, whine about it; it is his duty to do his work, whatever it may be. He takes the blow without showing how much it has hurt him. He smiles though his heart may be breaking.

His sorrow is his own concern, and he keeps it to himself. Time takes the sting out of the blow, and when he looks back upon it he is glad that he kept a straight face to his public. But the blow hurts him perhaps all the more because he hides it, and while it stings he wonders at the folly of those who would change places with him.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.



A WINTER TASK.

A COUNTRY SKETCH.

The long field lies off the highway, half hidden by unkempt hazel hedges, and reached only after an uneven journey down a deep-rutted track, avoided by all save the carter and his horse and cart from October to May.

Water lies in the ruts all the winter round, disturbed at rare intervals when the lumbering cart passes that way to the fields, where the "roots" lie ready in little regular heaps awaiting the carter.

The low gate is green with age, and dripping now with heavy drops of mist, making, with the long field beyond, a scene of solitude and melancholy. But the roots must be gathered and carted and chopped for the stock, and the man told off for the job has a brief but lonely day's work, seeing never a soul from the earliest daylight to the earliest dusk. No man passes that way to give him "good day." Only the horse and he work alone in that long grey field with the innumerable hillocks of "roots," a field whose farther end seems wrapped in the mists of perpetual silence and solitude.

And though it is but a man carting roots in a silent, mist-drenched field, the scene fascinates, and I stand long and still watching the monotonous process.

Along the hedges the trees drip ceaselessly. Not even a blackbird scratches for food among the leaves and deadwood at the bottom of the hazels.

The man and the horse and the cart are utterly alone. Now they come towards me out of the far haze, approaching with many a halt at the little heaps of red brown roots.

The man is ever stooping and half-rising as he bends low to gather the crop and then throws the roots into the cart. I listen for the sound of the heavy thud, but the cart is half full, and not even a faint note reaches me through the gathering dusk. Only the trees drip with moisture.

The land is wet and stiff, and at each pull the horse strains with quick steps to get the cart to move. The wheels sink in the soil deeper and deeper as the load grows heavy, and towards the last few heaps the sweat begins to run about the horse's flanks and a steam to rise into the dank air.

The last heap is lifted into the brimming cart, and already the far end of the long grey field is hidden in the gathering gloom of early evening, left to silence and chill mists and the ever-dripping trees.

Half the field has fallen back into sleep to await the plough. The carter straightens himself, takes off his cap, and enjoys a momentary relief from his bent position. I find myself stretching my arms in sympathy, and can almost feel the pleasant relaxation of muscles that I know he feels.

He takes a turn round the cart to see that all is secure; giving the tail-board pin a thump with his fist, and wedging the topmost roots more firmly into the mass.

Then going to the horse's head he gives the word, and the load struggles with crack of wheels and creak of shafts out on to the deep-rutted track. He gives me a not unfriendly but curious look, as if in wonder what I could want at such a spot at such an hour, and what interest I could have in watching a man and a horse carting roots.

I know his curiosity as to my business, but I could hardly explain my presence—at least, not to him. He would hardly appreciate my interest in the scene, and I hardly think he would feel the glamour and the mystery that surrounded him as I watched him and his horse hard at work. Merely "carting roots," I grant, but even carting roots has elements of interest and glamour to the eye that appreciates the mystery of labour and the strange setting of this man's share of it.

And as he swung to the ancient gate, he cast a last look at the long grey field, and then left it to its misty loneliness and the drip of the mist-sodden trees.

M. BRUCE.

SPORTING STORIES



STRONG STUFF.

Mr. and Mrs. Nouveau had been asked out to dine with some friends. Mr. Nouveau had picked up a thing or two by lunching with decent-mannered people in the City, and his little learning in the matter of table etiquette made him most uneasy as to the behaviour of his better, but less informed, half.

And so by a little management he contrived to sit next but one to her at the table, and he listened in a fever of anxiety for what she might say to the man who was sitting beside her.

Apparently the latter found it very difficult to make conversation, and at length he tried her on the poetry tack.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" he asked her.

"For my own part," she replied, "I prefer a little claret, but Herbert there swears by beer."

Mr. Nouveau bottled his indignation until they were driving home in their motor-car.

"My dear Maria," he then said, "when will you learn common-sense and ordinary knowledge? Omar Khayyam is not a wine, but a cheese."

ALL CHANGE HERE!

The morning was cold, and the pavements were icy.

The fat lady had been out shopping, and, holding her umbrella in front of her to ward off the impact of the chilly breeze, she made her way round the corner of the street.

It was very unfortunate that she should butt into a very small man who was also holding his umbrella in front of him. It was also unfortunate that the street into which she turned happened to be a steep one.

They fell about for a second or two, but in the end the lady came out on top. She still clung to her parcels, and, with her cargo, she found herself seated upon the body of the little man.

Owing to the glassiness of the pavement they were sliding gradually along and getting up a very fair rate of speed.

Apparently the little man had been very well disciplined at home, for he said nothing, or possibly he was short of breath. But when they reached the bottom of the incline and came to a standstill, the fat lady heard a little voice from beneath her, saying: "Pardon me, madam, but you must get off here. This is as far as I go."

HIS OPINION.

The farmer's son came to the station to meet the new week-end boarder from the City.

The latter was not much acquainted with country life, and his costume was not altogether suitable.

His glossy patent leathers looked very well beside the thick boots of the farmer's son, but as they made their way across the wet fields, taking a short cut to the farm, he began to find that appearance was not everything.

"Cheer up," said the farmer's son. "It's only a mile as the crow flies."

"It seems to be more like a mile as the duck waddles," said the townsman.

ABOUT BARBERS.

THE LATEST HUMOUR OF THE KNIGHTS OF THE RAZOR AND STROP.

There comes a time in the workaday round of every man when everything seems dull and distasteful to him, when even his favourite pleasures seem to pall; when, in short, he begins to wonder whether life is worth living. Such visitations of melancholy are simply what are called fits of "the blues."

Nobody knows what is the cause of attacks of "the blues"; but a remedy which is very often effective may be summed up in the following few words:

"Go to the barber."

For the barber, in nine cases out of ten, is an unconscious humorist. To the man with a sense of the ridiculous he is as exhilarating as many a music-hall turn.

For instance, there is the sporting barber. Under his white jacket you catch a glimpse of a roseate waistcoat and a white "made-up" tie, adorned with a resplendent horseshoe pin.

I met such a barber once. There was nothing connected with the inner workings of the racing world that he did not know. As he rubbed the soap over my chin he airily led off with a query as to whether I was going down to Epsom the next day; and when I said I wasn't, he began to tell me all about the "tips" he had had from well-known trainers and jockeys of his acquaintance. But when he told me not to forget to back So-and-so for the Derby, as it had won the year before, and *would do it again, as it liked the course*, he was mightily hurt at the hearty laugh that I could not restrain!

Then there is the philosophical barber. In some cases his philosophy is pessimistic, in others optimistic. One of the pessimists once said to me:

"Cold weather is 'orrid. It isn't any use even 'aving a roarin' great fire. 'Cos why? 'Cos when you stand up against it for ten minutes warmin' the seat o' your trousers, at the end o' that time your stummick is stone cold. And when you've warmed your stummick for a minute or two, why, your back's freezin' again. It's a sort o' perpetual motion, it is; an' it's 'orrible!"

And when, in his disgust, he stuck a greasy thumb into my mouth, I thought it was horrible, too.

"See that customer?" said a knight of the scissors to me once, indicating a fussy-looking old chap who was just leaving, "well, to put it wulgar, he's a — nuisance!"

I thought there was something subtly humorous about the man's way of "putting it."

But one very objectionable type of barber is the man who insinuates uncomplimentary things about your general appearance in order to sell you some preparation of his. He will remark that your moustache does not grow very strongly, and recommend his patent "moustache-manure"; or else, observing that your skin is "tender"—by which he probably means that it bleeds when he jabs his razor into it—he will offer you a cake of his celebrated "Tuffskin."

The only way to silence him is to be insulting to him. Tell him that you know your face is pimply, that your hair is "thin on the top," and that your moustache is like an Association football match—i.e., eleven a side—but that all you want is a shave, and that quickly. Even then you will be lucky if he doesn't advise you to try some special brand of cigarettes, "so soothing to irritated nerves."

Finally, here is a story about a juvenile barber and a customer. I don't know whether it is true or not. The boy was lathering his "patient's" face, but for some reason or other he lacked energy. From time to time the victim would abjure him to rub quicker, and he obeyed, but, alas! only soon to relapse into a woeful languor. At last the customer gave him up. "Hi, stop!" he said. "You hold the brush steady, and I'll waggle my face!"

J. S. COGHLAN.



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The Law of Evidence

is based on first-hand knowledge of facts. A witness must only speak as to what he knows. What he has been told—however important it may seem—is not what he himself knows, therefore it isn't evidence; what he may think, however good his reasons, is not evidence; what he knows some one else can testify to is not evidence. Roughly speaking, then, the Law of Evidence is nothing but personal knowledge of fact.

If we applied the stern rules which govern the Law of Evidence to guide our judgment in ordinary Business Life we should never go far wrong. Such strict exclusion of anything doubtful would count heavily in the result. For in evidence nothing is left to doubt as a rule. A thing may be, but if it is not proved it is not assumed. So it should be in Business. If a man always insists on a receipt for a payment, payment a second time can never successfully be demanded of him. But if he neglected to obtain proof of payment every time, sooner or later some mistake would arise and somebody's word would have to be accepted. Anyway, he himself would be in a false position, for he would have no proof.

The World's Wealth-makers

may seem men or business firms apart from the ordinary type, but if you were to examine their methods you would realise how simple these are. They take nothing for granted, and they have an unerring appreciation of essential facts. In taking nothing for granted they may sometimes be wrong. But they seldom make a mistake the other way. They act on what is certain. Apply these rules to any business, and you cannot very well make a mistake. If a business man or a business firm makes an assertion expecting you to act on it, you have a right to demand proof. Apply this method to us. As the National Share Exchange we state that we can make money for you. You have a right to demand proof. We are ready to prove it.

Proof that we can Make Money for You.

In the first place, we direct your attention to the amount we have paid away to Clients. This is a huge sum. We can prove that this amount has been paid away, first by giving you the printed List of Cheques—Numbers, Amounts, and Initials—and then by producing any single one or batch of the Original Cheques paid through the Bank of England, the London County and Westminster, The London City and Midland, The National Provincial, the Joint Stock, South-Western, Lloyds, Coutts, Barclays, Union and Smiths, and other Bankers. You will see that the cheque goes to the credit of a Client because it appears as a debit in our pass-book. What we do for clients we can do for you. Our System does not change. You can learn all about it—how we can make money for you.

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FILL IN AND SEND THE COUPON AT
SIDE. THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE
PRESENT.**

APPLICATION FOR PARTICULARS.

TO THE SECRETARY,

NATIONAL SHARE EXCHANGE, Great Winchester St., London, E.C.

Please forward me (as my name is not already on your books) full particulars of your methods and system of money-making, as well as a list of cheques, totalling £322,780, which you have paid clients acting on your advice and recommendations, together with a Search Form, so that I can verify any single cheque, or batch of cheques, that I may select.

NAME

(State Rev., Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Title.)

ADDRESS IN FULL

(Please write distinctly.)

DATE

M.M.

43.

THE TURKISH BATH MAN TALKS.

1.—IS ENTIRELY ON PREJUDICE.

There are some people who simply will not be convinced by any process of reasoning. They have made up their minds, and there is an end of the matter. That's prejudice. Because I have a good thing and say that it is good every time I advertise, some people sniff and say it cannot be any good whatever. That's prejudice, too.

The world is full of quacks who claim to cure this and that. People try them and waste their time and money. And they waste their hope, too. When I advertise I say I have a thing which does make for health and cure certain evils, these people, who have been led to hope before, and have spent their money on such vain hopes, say that I am another quack promising much and doing nothing but take the money. Prejudice again.

Suppose you sat here with me as I write. I think I could remove your prejudice. You would find first that I sincerely believe what I say. Secondly, you would find that what I say is sane, reasonable, practical. Thirdly, I could give you proof.

This is what I say. Turkish Baths are good for men and women—good in health, better in illness. This is how they act in Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, and Lumbago. There are certain wastes, acids, poisons—call them what you like—in the blood. These acids crystallise, work into the joints, and cause pain. In a proper state of health the body would eliminate them, largely through the pores of the skin. Does your prejudice prove that this is wrong, untrue, or unreasonable?

Again, I say the Turkish Bath cures this by a simple natural aid to nature. It causes free perspiration. Perspiration cleanses the blood by opening the pores and hastening elimination. Pure blood is health, and blood purified of uric acid means a body cured of Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago. This is true whatever your prejudice may make you think.

Many people who ought to have Turkish Baths cannot take them—the baths are too far away. Or they cost too much. Or they cannot spare the time. Or they do not care to sit perspiring with other people, inhaling the necessary impurities of the heated atmosphere. There is nothing unreasonable in this.

Now, I sell the Gem Turkish Bath. It is a simple, inexpensive cabinet. You sit in it with your head out of it. You heat the air inside by a safe and inexpensive stove which I have designed. The air confined within heats up steadily to a high temperature. You begin to perspire. You can feel the impurities of the body leaving it. The skin begins to discharge the tiny clots of dirt which choke the pores of people who consider they are particularly clean and take hot baths regularly. The pores begin to do their real work—to allow the heat to sweat disease from the system through the thousands of tiny channels. *Nature is then using the body of disease in its own way.* Can you—you who are prejudiced—deny this?

Read a little further—these facts are important to you. If you sit in my Gem Cabinet and take one treatment in this way—I do not care who you are or what you do—if you go in with Rheumatic pain, you will be better when you come out, easier, and more comfortable. Don't mistake me—I don't say that chronic rheumatism is going to leave you then and there. But you will not be so bad. If you repeat the treatment for another day, you will be better still. I have known sufferers use the bath daily for a month, and then, by taking a bath once a week, kept themselves free of Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, or Lumbago afterwards.

You say cynically—"Yes, sir; that's your story—that's what you say." You do not believe me. Because I want you to pay for this bath, buy it, use it, get well—I do not tell the truth. Is that what prejudice means? Well, you do not know me—you have a right to take this attitude. This is my answer—it is an answer you cannot doubt.

Send me a cheque post-dated ten days. Take the bath by return. Use it seven days. Use it according to instructions. See whether it does what I say. Never mind what you think or what I say—try the thing itself. If it does not satisfy you, if it does not do what I say, stop your cheque, pack up the bath, and send it back. Now, you may be prejudiced, but—you can find out the truth about what I say for nothing.

Apart from this, I want you to believe what I say. I believe this bath has made me well and kept me well for years. I was not well before I had it; I have not been ill since I used it. I have humoured my friends to try it—sceptics good-naturedly obliging a crank. They have gone to the bath with Influenza, Rheumatism, Gout, Dyspepsia, Lack of Nervous Tone, Obesity, Liver Trouble, and other diseases. They have been cured. I have thousands of customers, and they have been cured.

Now, prejudice apart, will you investigate? Write, sending me cheque post-dated. At least do not shelve the matter, but let me send you, post free, my 100-page booklet on the Hot Air Treatment at home.

THE GEM SUPPLIES CO., Ltd. (Desk 18).

22, Pear Tree Street, Goswell Road, London, E.C.

Enclosed find Money Order value 30s., for which send me one 30s. No. 1 Standard Bath Cabinet. This Money Order is sent on the understanding that I am at liberty to return the Cabinet within the next ten days and my Money Order will be returned.

Name

Address

WANTED

Able men and women with ability to originate, control and carry through, and wanted everywhere. Don't stop at your present job! Whether you are earning £3 or 5/- a week you can quickly better your position by widening your knowledge and ability through the International Correspondence Schools. For instance, Student Wm. Thompson writes:—

SHIP'S ENGINEER

"I have just succeeded in obtaining a post as Third Engineer on S.S. *Stamper*. I have been a student of the Schools for about five months, and must say that the simpleness and ease of understanding your Mechanical Engineering Course is unequalled."

Student Arthur Ring writes:

ELECTRICAL ENGINEER

"It is with the highest respect that I speak of the great assistance your complete Electrical Course has been to me in my fight for a living. There is no better Course open to young or old, who for want of time or cash cannot attend Training Schools."

MECHANICAL ENGINEER

Student H. Haswell writes:

"I am now at Messrs. A. Rickaby's works. It is a great advance. When I joined your classes I had no ambition beyond being a mechanic. After joining I seemed to catch the vigour and energy of your books . . . to want to get out of the rut and earn more money."

AND MANY OTHERS

Many other students in all fields of activity are "earning more money" by means of I.C.S. technical training at home. You can do the same in any field (over 120 Courses) without interruption of your present work or financial difficulty.

LET US REFER YOU TO SUCCESSFUL I.C.S. STUDENTS IN YOUR DISTRICT

Write for free particulars of the I.C.S. Course in any career you wish to follow. It makes no difference whether you are following it now or not.

International Correspondence Schools, Ltd.

Dept. 235X, International Buildings, Kingsway, London, W.C.

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

30/- ring send 2/6 now, pay a further sum on delivery and pay 5/- monthly, or if you are a cash purchaser we deduct 2/- in the £ discount. CATALOGUE FREE.



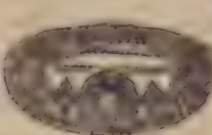
No. 30. 18-ct. Diamond and 2 Rubies, 30/-.



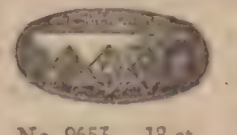
No. 61. 18-ct. 6 Diamonds, 3 Rubies, 30/-.



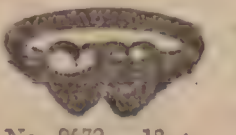
No. 1034. 18-ct. Sapphire and 6 Pearls, 30/-.



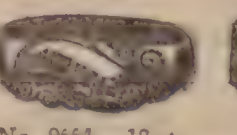
No. 4. 18-ct. 10 Diamonds, 35/-.



No. 9653. 18-ct. 3 Diamonds and 2 Emeralds, 76/-.



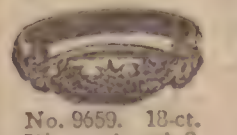
No. 9672. 18-ct. set with 16 real Diamonds, 41/-.



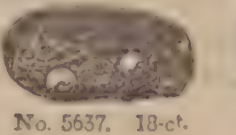
No. 9664. 18-ct. 5 real Diamonds, only 23/-.



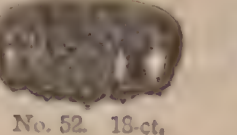
No. 39. 18-ct. Turquoise and 6 Diamonds, 30/-.



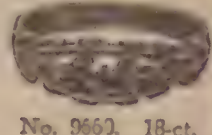
No. 9659. 18-ct. Diamond and 2 Rubies, 20/-.



No. 5637. 18-ct. 2 Pearls and 3 Turquoises, 47/6.



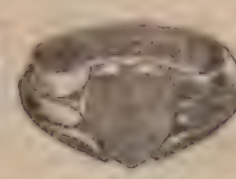
No. 52. 18-ct. 5 Opals, only 30/-.



No. 9662. 18-ct. set with 5 Diamonds, our price, 20/-.



Full Gold Ring, No. 113. 18-ct. set with 16 real Diamonds, 41/-.



No. 9329. 18-ct. Diamond and Ruby, £2, £3, & £5.



No. 1. Solid Gold set with Diamonds any initial, 40/-.

MASTERS, LTD., 85, HOPE STORES, RYE, ENGLAND.

BUSINESS

IS

BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
THE MYSTERY OF
ADVERTISING.

It is claimed in some quarters that advertising has been reduced to an exact science, but the claim is not one that will bear practical investigation.

Advertising has been the means of building up gigantic fortunes; but it still remains very largely a matter of speculation, often extremely profitable, but sometimes useless.

Here is an example which came under my own personal notice, and which sufficiently proves my point.

A friend of mine was exploiting a certain commodity, and for a start he took a whole page space in a leading London newspaper, paying several hundred pounds for it. He put in his address "Dept. —," so that he could trace the number of replies which the advertisement would produce. The circulation of the paper is admittedly gigantic, but he received only four or five replies.

He was disgusted at the result for he had lost very heavily upon the venture. His agent, however, was confident of the pulling powers of the paper concerned, and persuaded him to try it once more. This time he inserted an advertisement occupying only three inches of a single column, and he left the position to wherever the sub-editor might care to put it.

In this second advertisement he offered nothing more than he had offered in the first, and yet it brought him several hundred replies. Since then his business has got on well, and he now spends a large sum on advertising, but he always sticks to small spaces.

The experience of some other advertisers has been the reverse, and they have found that small spaces have been an absolute waste of money, while large spaces paid for themselves over and over again.

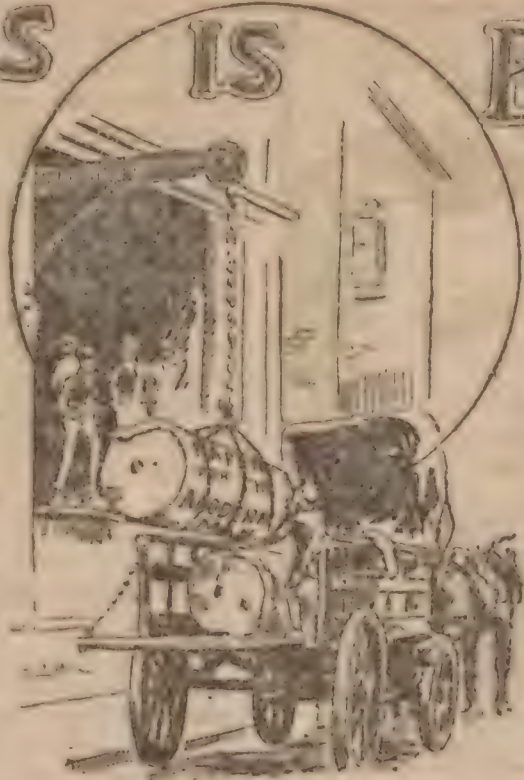
I know of another man who bought a dozen of a certain article secondhand and advertised it. The price he obtained was 10s. each, and he sold the lot without spending much in publicity. He believed that there was money to be made in this line, and he at once set about manufacturing the articles, making them of good quality and offering them at as low a price as those that he had previously offered secondhand. This time he could not sell any at all.

I also know the man who, some ten or twelve years ago, flooded this country with telescopes. A telescope may not seem the sort of thing that the average buyer wants, but by means of extensive advertising he managed to sell many thousands of them. He dropped this line for a bit, and some six months later started advertising the telescopes once more.

His previous advertising had been done in the winter, when telescopes were practically of no use to their purchasers; his second advertising took place during the summer months, when one would have expected a very fair response. His second campaign, however, was an absolute failure. He is an expert in the advertising world, and he can offer no explanation of the mystery.

I do not know that any business moral can be drawn from the facts I have given, but if there is one I think it is that one should test the public in a small way to begin with, and gradually increase the advertising expenditure if the thing is found to be wanted. This is a practical test, and is, I believe, the best way of building up a successful business through advertising.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.



FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express.—EDITOR.)

THE STOCK MARKETS.

American Rails have been a quiet market, but in glancing through the list, Canadian Pacifics at their present value look specially inviting to investors. A note of this should be made by our readers.

Mexican Rails are being purchased by those who should know their value best, further activity will be seen at an early date.

Quiet inquiries for Iron and Steel Shares are being made, though improvement in values has been on the small scale. Guest, Keens, and Vickers are the favourite counters.

Business remains steady in the Kaffir Market, prices keeping firm; higher quotations are undoubtedly to be seen, no matter what the result of the Election may be. Rand Mines, Goldfields, and Randfonteins are, in our opinion, the pick of the market.

TRANSVAAL GOLD OUTPUT.

It may be of interest to note that for the first time the gold output for the year has exceeded £30,000,000. Below we give particulars of returns for the last four years.

	1906.	1907.	1908.	1909.
January ..	1,820,739	2,283,741	2,380,124	2,612,836
February ..	1,731,664	2,036,434	2,301,971	2,400,892
March	1,884,815	2,287,391	2,442,022	2,530,498
April	1,865,785	2,281,110	2,403,500	2,578,804
May	1,959,062	2,227,838	2,472,143	2,652,699
June	2,021,813	2,155,976	2,442,329	2,621,818
July	2,089,004	2,262,813	2,482,608	2,636,965
August ...	2,162,583	2,357,602	2,496,869	2,597,646
September ..	2,145,575	2,285,424	2,496,112	2,575,760
October ...	2,296,361	2,351,344	2,624,012	2,559,902
November ..	2,265,625	2,335,406	2,609,685	2,539,146
December ..	2,336,961	2,478,659	2,806,235	2,569,822
Totals	24,616,704	27,410,210	29,986,469	30,925,788

J. F. (Hanley).—Advise holding on to your shares, as company is doing very well, and greater activity is expected shortly in this particular market.

W. & J.—The firm you mention have decamped, leaving no address.

H. B.—1. Very little market in these shares, dealing is a matter of negotiation. 2. We have a very good opinion of this stock, and would advise your buying more to average purchase-price. 3. A good speculative investment.

H. R. (Bristol).—You may be certain of fair treatment from the firm you mention, and prompt payment of any sums due.

F. S.—1. No. 2. No. 3. Would advise purchase. 4. We have no doubt that the National Share Exchange will give you every satisfaction with any deals you may have with them.

"DEAL" (Birmingham).—You have only yourself and the laxity of our legislation to blame. Next time deal with a respectable firm of brokers.

J. R. (Oldham).—As we have said before, you should not speculate if you cannot afford to lose. There is no such thing in speculation—or in business either, for that matter—as absolute certainty of winning.

P. H. (Dundee).—We have never heard anything against the firm. If you have evidence, send it along.

Sloan-Duployan
Shorthand

SAVES A YEAR'S STUDY.

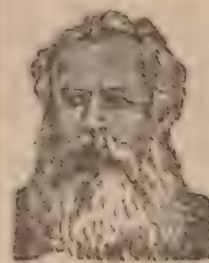
Learned in Twelve Easy Lessons.

Highest Speed in Shortest Time.

Send postcard to-day for Illustrated Handbook.

Shorthand Association,
Grosvenor Road, London, N.

"Matrimonial Times."—The best and quickest introductory medium for all desiring a matrimonial alliance; in sealed envelope; 6d.—Editor, Room 21, 5, Featherstone Buildings, Holborn, London, W.C. Telegrams, "Amatoreim, London."



ARE YOU IN DOUBT?

ASTROLOGY will help you to decide; let me consult the Stars. They rule your destiny. 1. the Old and Reliable Astrologer. "Mercury," read the stars, and can assist all who desire to utilise life's opportunities to the full. Thousands testify to my accuracy. Send birth-date now, with 1/- P.O. for test Horoscope of your life. Twelve months' confidential advice added free.

PROF. M. M. MERCURY,
Hawthorn Road, Llandaff, Glam.

SPAIN

Views of Aragonese Dancers, Andalusian Costumes and Actresses, Studies, Bull Fights, etc. State wishes

explicitly. Sample lots, 5s.

SEHRGENT,

228, Rua B. de S. Cosme, Oporto, Portugal.

120 WORDS A MINUTE
IN 6 WEEKS

guaranteed under Hubert Stewart's Simplified Method of teaching (Pitman's) SHORTHAND. Postal Lessons, Prospectus Free.

"SHORTHAND (Pitman's) for RAPID LEARNING" By HUBERT STEWART. Just Published, 3s. net.

"THE ADVENTURES OF PROSPECTORS" (in Shorthand), 3d. Obtainable at

THE STEWART SHORTHAND-TYPING ACADEMY,
104, HIGH HOLBORN, W.C.

RILEY'S BILLIARD
TABLES.

Popular Size, 6ft. 4in., 25 5s.

Your boys will have every incentive to spend their evenings at home if

you instal a Riley Billiard Table. Billiards is the ideal

indoor game—never monotonous—never wearying.

Played on RILEY'S MINIA-TURE TABLES the game is just as correct as on the

standard tables. RILEY'S Billiard Tables to place on your own dining table from

£3 7s. 6d. RILEY'S Combine Billiard and Dining Tables—converted in a minute—from

£13 10s. Cash or Easy Payments. These prices include all accessories. Carriage paid to nearest railway station,

FREE on receipt of postcard, full detailed Illustrated Catalogue.

E. J. RILEY, LTD.,

Ideal Billiard Mills, ACCRINGTON

London Show Rooms,
147, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.

When answering advertisements please mention "The Modern Man."

EACH OF THESE
STORIES IS COM-
PLETE IN ITSELF.

By E. WADE LANG.

VII. THE VAMPIRE.

Ferris laid his newspaper on his knee to take out a cigarette and light it. His eyes fixed with a speculative gaze on the broad back of Max Lockyer, who was standing with his hands in his pockets gazing out through the window of the club on Piccadilly.

We three were the only people in the room. It was late afternoon, that interval of half-hearted light which is scarcely dusk and which, when a drizzling rain is falling, is the most depressing period of the day.

Lockyer had wandered in, fidgeted about with the papers on the table, and at length taken his stand in the window, where he had remained for several minutes.

The gloom of the day appeared to have infected him also, for by his profile I could see that the corner of his mouth was turned down and the jaw set.

"Wretched weather, Max," observed Ferris pleasantly.

Lockyer grunted, and, as if the remark had broken a train of thought, turned away from the window, gave us a sour glance, and went out.

"That's better," sighed Ferris, taking up his paper again. "There's nothing so catching as a fit of the blues. Positively the fellow was giving me the hump."

"He isn't so cheerful as he used to be," I observed. "Health bad, I expect."

"Wealth bad, more likely," added Ferris. "Whenever you see a youngish man, unmarried, who is given to the dissipated tastes which rot his appreciation of the finer things of life—unsophisticated love, for example—and see him perpetually dismal, it is long odds that his finances are abed with an incurable disease. He had a decent inheritance a few years ago, you know. More than cheerful—he was boisterous then. He's sad now that the bookmakers and Jews have skinned him. Pastimes of that sort are apt to pall on settling day. Heigho, it's a blessing we're so virtuous and respectable, old chap."

"You're a funny devil," said I. "We're worse than he is, yet you seem to take a cynical pleasure in his misfortune."

"Worse!" echoed Ferris. "In what way worse? We help ourselves to the superfluities of the idle rich, and Lockyer piles up debts that he hasn't the ghost of a chance of paying. It's merely a difference in degree of dishonesty. In fact, ours is purer, because at least we don't deceive ourselves as to its nature, while Lockyer would be mightily indignant if you brought an accusation of crime against him."

He was right, and it was no use seeking to refute his argument. Yet I had once been in a similar situation to Lockyer's; I knew what the hourly dread of ruin was like, and I could sympathise with him.

"It's a pity," I said. "I like the man."

"So do I," said Ferris; "but he's weak. He isn't thorough. He'd funk a crisis as sure as—hello, Max! Back again?"

The subject of our conversation had entered the room again. He came straight to where we sat. His cheeks were pale, making his mottled complexion look unhealthier than usual. There was desperation in his eyes.

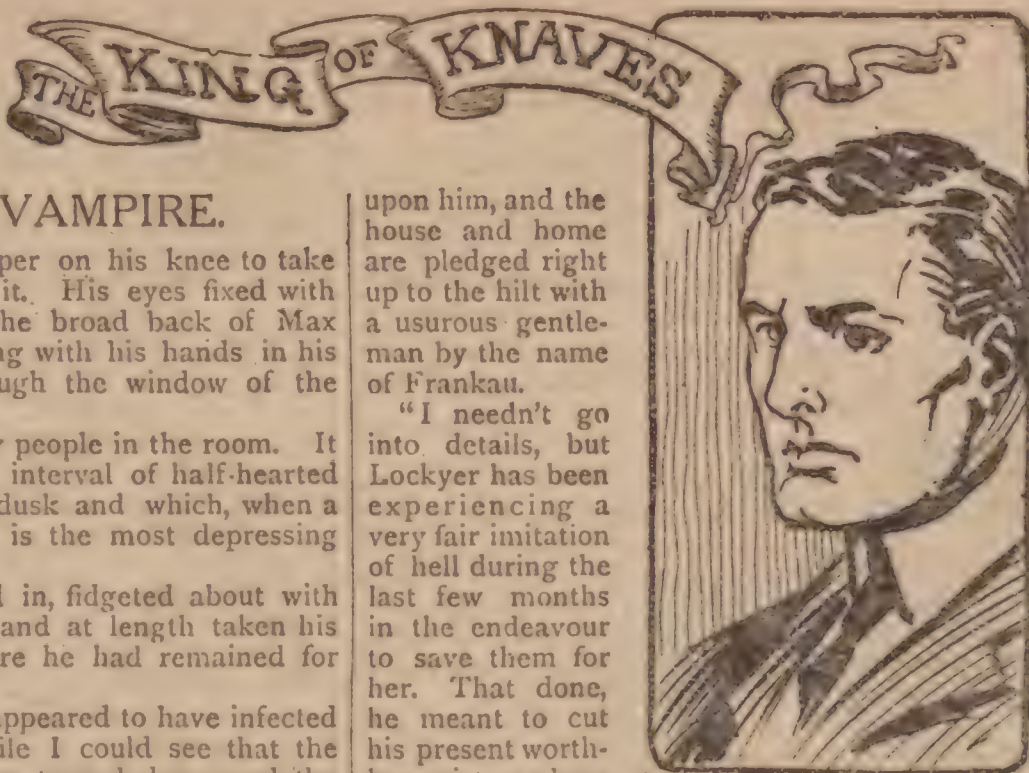
"Look here, Ferris," he began, "I want you to spare me a minute."

He stared hard at me and I got to my feet.

"With pleasure," said Ferris. "See you in the billiard-room presently, Burke."

I guessed that Lockyer meant to ask for a loan, and the guess proved correct. After Ferris's rather heartless remarks about him, though, I was unprepared to hear that the loan had been granted.

"It was worse than I thought," said Ferris later, explaining his kindness almost apologetically. "The beggar has got his mother dependent



upon him, and the house and home are pledged right up to the hilt with a usurious gentleman by the name of Frankau.

"I needn't go into details, but Lockyer has been experiencing a very fair imitation of hell during the last few months in the endeavour to save them for her. That done, he meant to cut his present worthless existence here and try farming in Canada."

"It was the hope that brightened his phiz when he came to that portion of the story which persuaded me. If ever I had an idea of what salvation must be like I had it then. Burke, my boy, it makes, it made me wonder what I should feel like after completing a stretch of, say, seven years' penal servitude. I have often thought that the first moment of freedom must be a great sensation."

And, with a half-whimsical smile to relieve the grimness of his jest, he changed the topic, leaving me with the idea that it would not be outside the limits of his extraordinary character to sacrifice all he possessed in order to undergo that sensation.

He had made no mention of the sum with which he had obliged Lockyer, nor did I ask him.

So far as I imagined then, the incident was closed.

II.

"I fear," said Ferris to me over dinner at our favourite restaurant a few evenings afterwards, "that you have been giving me credit for a generosity that I don't deserve."

"I don't follow you," said I.

"I'm referring to Max Lockyer, who is now on the high seas, eager to make a start with that second chance which the good God allows to some of us."

"May he use it well," said I, with a heartfelt expression that made Ferris's eyes twinkle. Without a doubt he read my misgivings as to whether my own second chance was being well used. "But in what way have I misjudged you if it is through your help he has been able to go?"

"Oh, the help was trifling enough. Merely the loan of a hundred pounds and a grip of the hand to signify good luck. I accompanied his mother to see him off, because I had a particular reason for making sure that he had gone."

"But his difficulties with that Jew? He settled those before he went, surely?"

"On the contrary, old chap. He was sufficiently wise or sufficiently foolish to entrust that to me."

"Whatever for?" I queried in surprise.

"On compulsion. Knowing him as well as I do, I was fairly sure that if he got out of his mess with but little trouble to himself he would hang on until he was in a stickier quagmire than before. Many men, I may tell you, Burke, are incapable of heroic effort except when there's no alternative. Then it isn't heroism; it's force of necessity. No; I wasn't going to let Lockyer fatten on my bounty. Besides—"

Ferris lowered his voice, leaned forward a little to fix me with his magnetic eyes, and the familiar expression of impending devilment appeared in his face.

"Besides," he continued, softly, "I have a conscientious objection to permitting old Frankau to make more profit out of myself than I can avoid."

"More profit?" I echoed mechanically, conscious of a double meaning, but unable to grasp "Who is old Frankau?"

"Old Frankau," replied Ferris, "besides being the most flinty-hearted Jew in London, is what is known in technical parlance as a 'fence'—a receiver of stolen property—a robber of thieves—a leech—a vampire—a blood-sucker!"

He ended with such sudden loud ferocity that I gasped.

For an instant the handsome, indolent features of the Honourable Mountjoy Ferris, M.P., were distorted, and he looked what he was at heart, a criminal; a criminal with an ugly hatred of anything that would deprive him of the reward of his crime.

The expression passed, and he was continuing quietly, but with an acid undertone to his voice which was corrosive.

"Now, perhaps, you see why I am handling the affair of Lockyer's myself. The original debt was £650, but it has multiplied within one year, as only old Frankau knows how to multiply it, to £3,300. Well, he'll get neither one figure nor the other. I'm any authority on these matters. But with all we are going to make Mrs. Lockyer's house and home safe. I'm pledged to that, and I never broke a promise yet."

He sat back and beckoned to the waiter, ordering two stiff whiskies-and-sodas.

I said nothing. I waited for his plans, and whatever they were, I was ready to go in with him. When Ferris was in earnest he gripped and carried one away irresistibly.

"Frankau," he went on, now quite normal in his manner, "is a gentleman with whom I've had many interesting transactions, conducted, Burke, in a disguise which even his lynx-eye can't penetrate."

"You have been my partner in a few enterprises of appropriation so far, but, bless you! that part of the business is child's play to the other. Any man can be a thief, but there isn't one in a thousand who can dispose of the swag with enough success to make the pastime pay. The rest are in the clutch of the vampire, and he sucks them dry."

"Now, this undertaking requires the utmost delicacy of care. In spite of the disguise under which Frankau and I are acquainted, I daren't show my nose to him as Ferris, M.P. If by some devilry of divination he connected the two, our freedom wouldn't be worth a moment's purchase."

"Yet he won't hand over those bills and promissory notes except to a gentleman of unquestionable credentials. He'd smell the least suspicion of fishiness. And he certainly won't hand them over without a sight of the money."

"You want me to go?" said I.

"I do, Burke. And so sure was I of your support that a letter has already been written in Lockyer's own hand, saying that you, his friend Terence Burke, would call to-night to make a complete settlement. Lockyer has been called up North by a family bereavement, you understand. Frankau mustn't on any account know he has gone abroad till it's over. You'll do it?"

I laughed and drank, and his eyes beamed approval.

"What time?" said I.

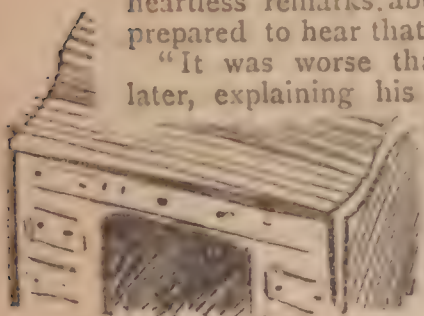
"At ten o'clock. Two hours ahead. Frankau lives in a detached villa at Tooting. No servants sleep there. They leave at that hour. He has too many peculiar customers in the small hours to risk keeping them in the house. But it's a regular fortress of burglar alarms, I may tell you. You'll take a taxi to the house and discharge it at the gate. All open and above-board on your part, you see."

"And you?" said I.

"And I," returned Ferris, with a gentle laugh. "I shall be in at the death. Come and have a smoke in a quiet corner of the lounge and I'll tell you how."

III.

Frankau's residence was at the end of a new suburban road, a cul-de-sac, and the road was but



sparsely furnished with villas, most of which, I noticed as the taxi drove by, were as yet unoccupied.

Evidently I was expected, for the front door opened as I walked up the path. Remembering Ferris's remark about the burglar alarms, I wondered whether in opening the garden gate I had rung an electric bell in the house.

My instructions were explicit and straightforward.

I tendered my card to the shabbily-dressed old gentleman with the unmistakably Semitic cast of countenance, who screwed up his eyes to read its inscription and favoured me with a blinking scrutiny which I met with an indifferent stare.

I was the well-dressed man about town doing a favour for a friend and concealing whatever dislike it gave me.

Old Frankau was under-sized, round-shouldered, and bald, and he shuffled before me into a room furnished more like an office than the sitting-room of a private house.

There was a roll-top desk, with a swivel-chair drawn up to it, a filing cabinet, and a copying press.

Either because my manner encouraged no conversation or because he was given to commercial business, Frankau wasted no time.

He brought forward a cane-bottomed chair for me, sat down at the desk, unlocked it with carelessness, rolled back the top, and picked up a sheaf of papers tied with pink tape.

"I have them ready for you, Mr. Burke," said he, blinking with such persistency that I could do nothing but watch his eyes.

"Thanks," said I, putting out my hand.

"And no doubt you have also brought the money, Mr. Burke," said he, insinuatingly.

"Of course," said I with impatience.

"Notes, perhaps?" he asked.

"You mean that you want to see them first?"

"I should prefer it," he answered smoothly.

"And I should prefer," I retorted, with some anger, "to know that those documents are complete and in order."

"There is nothing wrong with them, I do assure you, Mr. Burke," he said more respectfully.

"Then read them out," I commanded, drawing a list written by Lockyer from my pocket, and holding it so that he could see the handwriting if he cared to.

I checked them off, and nodded.

"The rate of interest," I commented, "is scandalous."

"Mr. Lockyer knew my terms and accepted them," was the smooth reply.

"He could never have understood them," said I, curtly, "or he'd have known better. He has been a damned fool, and it would serve him right to let him suffer for it."

"Perhaps he is fortunate to have good friends," remarked the Jew, hinting flattery.

But all I allowed to show in my face now was indignation and reluctance to be fleeced.

I drew out the bank-notes that Ferris had given me and fingered them restlessly.

"It's robbery," said I, getting to my feet, "downright robbery!"

The Jew blinked and made no answer.

I looked at my watch. It was ten minutes past ten. At ten-fifteen something was going to happen.

"Look here," said I, "I offer you two thousand five hundred in full settlement."

He wagged his parchment-skinned face by way of negative and patted the bundle of papers beneath his hand. I bit my lip.

"Three thousand," I said, after pacing up and down.

"Three hundred," he added.

"And why," I demanded, firing up, "should I trust you to give me the bills after I've given you the money?"

"Between gentlemen," said he, with a lickspittle grin.

"Gentlemen!" said I, and it sounded magnificent.

I glared at his blinking lids, and then threw the notes on the desk. He counted them very slowly,

making figures on his blotting-pad. With all my ears I was listening.

Then he handed me the bills, and I also went slowly through them. There was yet a minute to spare, and I must fill it up somehow.

"In addition," said I suspiciously, after pocketing them, "I must have a letter acknowledging settlement of all claims to date between you and my friend Mr. Lockyer."

"It is not necessary," he replied, pointing to my breast-pocket.

"Well, I want it," I said bluntly. "I shall feel confident then that there will be no repetition of this wretched business."

He shrugged his shoulders and conceded the point. It was superfluous, as he knew and as I knew. But there was this fatal delay of Ferris!

Already Frankau was writing, and in another moment or two I should have no excuse to delay my departure further.

"Here you are," said Frankau, rising and handing me the acknowledgment with one hand, while with the other he drew down the roll-top of his desk.

I looked round for my hat. I heard the tinkle of his keys as he locked the desk. I heard, too, a clock outside in the hall strike the quarter hour after ten.

At that moment an electric bell in the room rang with startling distinctness.

The Jew was just about to open the door for me. I had ignored his proffered hand. He threw up his head, then darted past me with astonishing agility, and threw back the door of a small cupboard.

I saw a bell-indicator there, one of the discs of which was on the shake.

"The kitchen window," said he, wheeling round and jerking with excitement. "Somebody's breaking in there!"

"What? Who is? How do you know?"

I was as excited as himself.

"A man! A thief! They're all after me. I'm an old man and defenceless. And they think I've got money. I haven't." He shook a skinny fist in the air, and his voice became shrill. "I haven't. I've got nothing. Do they think old Frankau would be fool enough to keep it here? It's all in the bank. It's all —"

"Here! chuck gibbering," I interrupted. "If he's here, let's catch him. He won't expect to find two."

"Catch him! I'll drill him! I'll blow him to the hell where he belongs."

Gnashing his teeth, he dragged out a huge revolver from his pocket.

"By the saints!" said I, with real horror, "you mustn't use that."

I had hold of his wrist and was struggling to get possession of the weapon when the handle of the door was turned and a man strode right in.

At seeing the pair of us his mouth opened in astonishment and he turned to run.

"Cover him!" screamed Frankau, leaving the revolver in my hand, and skipping over like a monkey to get between the intruder and the door.

The intruder caught his collar and twitched him back, and would have escaped had I not yelled: "Hands up, you villain. Another step and I'll fire."

It was comically melodramatic, but he stopped. He came back, glowering at me from under bushy brows, his sinewy hands clawing in impotence.

He was without question the most blood-thirsty-looking ruffian I ever encountered. Matted hair, scarred face, brutal jaw, the breath hissing in and out through disclosed teeth, ragged, filthy, desperate.

He took two or three menacing steps towards me, but I held my ground, and the revolver firm at arm's length.

Then his shoulders sank, he passed his hands down his thighs and became sullen. Over his shoulder I saw Frankau with the white showing all round his eyes.

"All right, guv'nor, a fair cop," growled the ruffian. Never thought ter find a bloke o' your kidney 'ere. It wuz this blasted swine-eater I was arter, and I worn't much afride of 'im once I gort inside.

"Bli'me!" he exclaimed with a shake of disgust. "Arter dodgin' bells on the garden wall, bells on the flower-beds, and bells all over the blanked premises—to sile right into this!"

"Bli'me!" he said again, and expectorated on the floor.

"What am I to do, Mr. Frankau?" I asked. "Do you want to let him go, or shall you have him given into custody?"

"Give him in charge, that's it!" he cried. "I'll make an example of him. I'll let them all see that old Frankau isn't to be robbed. I'll —"

"Right," I cut in. "Then fetch a policeman. Don't waste time in any peroration. Or I'll go if you like," I continued, seeing that he was wavering.

Very likely he had many reasons for not desiring acquaintanceship with the police.

"Yus; leave 'im ter look arter me," added the intruder with grim humour. "I'll be gentle and lamb-like, I will. 'E don't know me, but I got a little account ter settle wiv 'im, and we can 'ave it out while you'm gone."

"No, I'll go," said Frankau hurriedly. "Keep him covered."

We heard the unlatching of the front door; a bell rang in the room as he passed through the garden gate; then silence.

"Quick! Where's the notes?" asked Ferris, in an undertone.

I pointed to the desk. I was trembling now, half with relief, half with terror, that the Jew would come back too soon.

Ferris gave me a playful dig in the ribs as he passed, and prised open the desk in a jiffy.

He stowed away the notes and pocketed other papers from drawers *ad lib*.

"Can't stop to pick and choose," he said, with a laugh, "but they may be valuable. No cash, worse luck! Trust him for that! Now. . . . Burke!"

His hand was on my shoulder. The warm affection in his eyes hid from me all the hideousness of his disguise.

"It's only thoroughness that wins," he said softly.

"Get on with it," said I, through shut teeth.

And he felled me with a blow from his jemmy.

* * * * *

I was not actually unconscious, but I pretended to be until Frankau and the policeman were in the room. And at least the lump on my temple from which blood was oozing was convincing.

The thief had cleared my pockets of all they contained—including the bills.

"I only took my eyes off him for an instant," said I ruefully to the officer.

"It's been a most unpleasant business for you altogether, sir," said he to console me.

[Another of these stories will appear next week.—EDITOR.]

THE SPORTING TIMES

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AN OLD HAND TAKES THE NOVICE
INTO HIS CONFIDENCE.

It is often the case that the man who cannot afford to rent or share shooting—the average man, in fact, who has not the means to shoot when he feels like it—is given many chances early in the year to try his skill at an off-day's informal shooting over the ground of a friend and neighbour.

Except to the well-seasoned sportsman, these opportunities seldom come before the New Year has arrived, for until then all the best of the shooting is kept for the great ones of the earth. But in the few weeks preceding the date when the covers and fields are once more to be left in peace until the season comes round again in the following autumn, many a keen, but comparatively poor sportsman, is invited to bring along his gun, or to go without one and use one of his host's weapons, for an afternoon by the woodside, bowling over rabbits and trying his unaccustomed hand upon anything that comes along—pigeons, hares, pheasants, plovers, partridges, or ducks.

GOLDEN OPPORTUNITIES.

These chances are often given also to the beginner who may recently have been fortunate enough to be presented with his first gun. Especially to these the following tips may be useful.

In the first place it is, of course, useless to wait until the first shoot of this sort before trying your hand at using the gun.

Though it sounds ridiculous, it is nevertheless quite true that many a young man goes out loaded with cartridges and with a brand new gun over his shoulder, and with only the vaguest idea of the sort of weapon he has in his hands, or of its power to do serious and even fatal damage to other living creatures than those for which he is actually looking.

KNOW YOUR GUN.

To remedy this defect, a man should know as much as possible about the mechanism of his gun. He must not rest content with knowing how to load and pull the trigger; there is much more to be known than this, and the more a man knows of his gun the more seriously will he regard it as a source of infinite pleasure and also as a possible source of danger to himself and others.

If a school of shooting is beyond the means of the young sportsman, or if he is too far from such a school, he will still be able to find among his friends a great deal of expert knowledge.

It is a fatal error to pretend to a complete knowledge of the gun. A man may not like to go to an old hand and say: "What is this for?" or "How do I do such and such a thing?" But the

A FEW SHOOTING TIPS

old hand will give him advice and instruction gladly, and will think all the more of him for having had the sense to ask when the public safety is at stake, as it always is when a half-instructed novice is abroad with a gun.

The value of a shooting-school course, or even of a few visits to such a school, is that from the very beginning of one's acquaintance with a gun one is put on guard against all possible sources of danger, and one is made familiar with the best method of doing everything from carrying the unloaded weapon to firing a right and left in correct style.

A slovenly habit with a gun is a worse habit than slovenliness in any other matter. Do not, of course, regard the gun as something that can hardly be looked at without "going off" and killing somebody. Treat it with common sense and common caution, and when setting out for the shooting ground do not be in a hurry to "load up." It were better to miss a shot or two on the way thither than to keep oneself at a fever-heat of excitement and expectation, with a finger caressing the trigger at every step.

CLAY-BIRD PRACTICE.

It is as necessary to have some practice in firing the gun as it is to acquire ease and confidence in handling it. If, again, the shooting school is too far away or too expensive, there is a good way out of this difficulty. The clay "pigeon" can be bought very cheaply nowadays, and a few dozens of these ought to be purchased by every young sportsman situated as I have indicated. With the aid of a friend, or a more skilled brother, the clay "pigeons" can be used in such a way as to give a very fair amount of practice.

The man with the gun should stand facing as wide a field as possible. From behind him his companion should, after due warning, hurl a

"pigeon" through the air, and the sportsman then take time and proper aim before firing. When the gunner is quick at shooting the "birds" as they come from behind, they may be sent from either side, to give practice in two other sorts of shots.

In practising the approaching shot it is best for the man who is throwing the pigeon to stand with a haystack between him and the gun. At a given signal he can send a "bird" over the haystack towards the gun, and in this way there is no element of uncertainty, leading to quickness of aim, for the gunner can never tell exactly the spot where the "pigeon" will appear, while the other man is perfectly safe.

I can thoroughly recommend such practice. It is easy to tell how much progress is being made for a hit shatters the "bird."

TAKE TIME TO AIM.

Moreover, the fact that it is only clay tends to do away with that element of anxiety and haste that the beginner always shows when the game is alive. His chief fault is in shooting before he has really taken fair aim, and this fault, unless quickly conquered, will stick to him and will not only make him disappointed at his repeated failures but may stick to him all his life and make him an erratic and uncertain shot.

Take time to aim. Do not press until you feel certain that you have the bird well marked, and then let him have it. Even if you miss, it will have been far better practice for you than if you had blazed away in your excitement the moment your gun was pointed; and if by a happy fluke you hit and kill in these circumstances, there is always the danger that you will translate your luck as your skill, and never seek further to improve your shooting. Lucky shots go far to spoil the young sportsman.

As a last word to the keen young sportsman, I would say: Never shoot at the corner of a building, or stack, or other obstruction. Somebody may be coming round that corner.

G. SOWERBY.

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There now remain only a few copies of the second limited edition of Mr. Stanley L. Wood's famous picture, and we shall not advertise it again.

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BRIEF REPLIES.

In this column, the Editor, his staff, and contributors endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

A. K. (Derby).—You ask whether a man ought to pay the expenses of his affianced wife at dances, concerts, and so forth. In a case like this a man, of course, uses tact. He does not provide the girl with clothes, any more than he would provide her with false hair, but he does fetch her in a cab and take her home again, and all that kind of thing. Generally, by the way, he does not ask other people's advice in the matter, because he wants to do all these things without having to be told that he ought to.

MR. O. J. GRENELLE (East End Villa, Lowdham, Nottinghamshire) informs us that he has established an athletic and social club to which he specially invites members of the League. From the particulars he gives us, the members of his club appear to have a very good time, and certainly it does not cost them much, the entrance fee being sixpence and the subscription threepence weekly. We advise League members to call and see what they think of it.

T. D. (Glasgow).—We are surprised to learn that you still have round shoulders in spite of being in the Territorials. If the drill is not sufficient to put this matter right, you should take up a regular system of physical culture. Practise night and morning those exercises which Mr. Mitchell has given for the development of the shoulders and back. It is also a good plan to hold yourself more or less at attention when walking in the street; an old tip, and a very good one, is to carry yourself so that the back of your neck is always touching your collar.

G. S. (Sunderland).—We do not propose to devote a column to the game of draughts. It is a capital game to play after lunch, or at any other time when one has no opportunity for more active exercise, but the subject is not one that would interest our readers every week.

W. J. R. (Dublin).—We have sent your letter to the contributor who wrote the article. We are always happy to have criticism, either from you or from any other reader, for it is by means of criticism that we can improve ourselves.

D. G. (Richmond).—It would take a great deal of space and many illustrations for us to describe exactly how to harness a horse. We have already discussed several interesting points connected with harness, but an article dealing with the complete harnessing of a horse and the way in which each of his straps should be fixed would not be interesting to very many readers. In a case like this you should make friends with a groom at a livery stable. He will put you up to it in a very short time.

G. McP. (Leith).—Write to us, giving your full name and address, and we shall be happy to tell you of a good insurance company, but we do not care to throw our recommendations about broadcast.

D. L. W. (Grimsby).—What your garden seems to want is a thoroughly good trenching, and there is no reason why you should not set about the matter now. Dig down twelve or eighteen inches, and put in plenty of well-rotted dung. The result in the summer will be a sufficient reward for your labour.

A. G. (Dublin).—We agree with you that it is impossible to make a bicycle look its best if you have to ride it over dirty roads in all weathers, and have very little time to clean it. Although under these circumstances you can hardly keep its appearance smart, yet you can keep the bicycle in good condition by oiling the bearings well and by giving an occasional coat of grease to the chain and to all plated parts. See, too, that your tyres are well pumped up, as otherwise the rough roads will knock them to pieces.

C. R. (Rugby).—It is not unusual for the laces of boots to hurt the bones about the ankle. As soon as any pain comes on, untie the laces and retie them above or below the usual place. This gives instant relief, and walking again becomes a pleasure.



SOME MEMORIES.

Amongst the devotees of My Lady Nicotine may be found all sorts of men—good, bad, and indifferent. But I have known very few men worthy the name who wholly abjured smoking—unless, of course, they were in training for a match of some sort—or who did not find pleasure and solace in the weed.

For the tobacco-plant is dearer to the masculine heart than the rose or the thistle or the shamrock or the leek, or any other emblem culled from the vegetable kingdom.

It is an anodyne for man's manifold worries—those of his own invention and those of adverse Fate.

It takes the place of his absent sweetheart, and it makes up for the presence of a termagant wife.

For while you "blow the cool tobacco smoke, and watch the white wreaths pass," you can dream of past delights and anticipate future pleasures.

"Give me a pipe of shag," says the cottage Emerson, "and I care not a fig for the pomp of Emperors."

NICK AND HIS "SWEETHEART."

Which brings me to Nick Brown, the most jovial of good fellows, who smoked one of the biggest and mellowest of meerschaums—"in memory," he was wont to say, "of my happy student days in dear old Heidelberg."

"A study in brown," we used to dub Nick—Brown by name, brown of face, and wedded to an old brown velvet coat, also a relic of his student days.

Nicotine never had a more ardent worshipper than Nick, who was yet so fond in his practice of docking his patients of their pipe or cigar.

"No smoking, mind you," he would invariably say, as he shook hands. It was a case with Nick of "do as I say, and not as I do."

"If it weren't for that blessed meerschaum, I shouldn't be a doctor, lads, you bet. It's the most miserable existence that ever a man could choose."

And Nick would parody Chirgwin and declare that his quaint old pipe was "his sweetheart." Some of us knew that Nick's lady-love slept in a distant country churchyard, and so was never likely to be jealous of that meerschaum.

A MUSCULAR CHRISTIAN.

Then there was the parson—most modern of Churchmen he, and a muscular Christian to boot, whom no hooligan in his senses would have

SMOKERS I HAVE KNOWN

dreamed of tackling single-handed. Up-to-date in everything else, but as true as his father had been before him to a clay churchwarden.

"Don't talk about amber mouthpieces and fantastic briars—give me my churchwarden when I have finished the day's work. It's as cool as the cheek of a child, and it's got nothing against its soothing influence but its name."

For the parson did not always hit it off with his human churchwarden.

Then there was the blacksmith, big and burly of frame, with a heart under his leather apron to match, who was seldom seen without a cutty well nigh as scorched and blackened as his own forge.

He was as fine a specimen of lusty manhood as old Staffordshire could produce, with a kid in his mother's arms like an infant Hercules, crowing at the flying sparks.

"FIGHTING PHIL."

The Major comes next, and the Major, as compared with the last, is as a silver-point etching hung side by side with a rough sketch in charcoal.

"Fighting Phil" they used to call him in the Service—this dandified languid swell—the reckless dare-devil hidden from sight under the immaculately-groomed exterior and the cool good nature that yet always seemed to hold a dash of contempt for the mere civilian.

His cigar is almost as much a part of him as his gloves and his cane. Somehow one always thought of the Major as one who would have figured grandly in a Revolution, going to his death with hat a little on one side, a cigar between his fingers, so that his quiet smile could sit on his lips undisturbed even by La Nicotine's kisses!

That's Phil—an aristocrat in these days when aristocrat is a misnomer.

It was a briar that Harry Cave used to smoke—a nasty foul briar—and he always smoked the commonest tobacco that he could get.

Not that he was hard up. It was his taste that was poor.

He was not a bad sort at bottom, but mean on the surface.

It's a bad fault, for in this busy life men haven't time to dig down to the bedrock of another chap's character, and so they judge him by the top layer as it were.

And the top layer in Harry's case was poor quality, like his tobacco.

AN IRISH SPORTSMAN.

Then there was Tom Murphy, gallant, warm-hearted Tom, as good a sinner as you would meet in the Green Isle, every inch of him—and he'd a good many in his stockinged feet—a gentleman, and what a fellow he was to ride! He rode, too, as he lived, on the straight. He didn't know what it was to funk a jump, and took his last great leap with no more fuss than he was wont to show over a trifle of a five-barred gate, though none of us on this side could see how he landed, or what sort of a country he was in. God rest his soul, for he was a true sportsman!

It was cigarettes he favoured, and he took his "Cigarette" with him that last steeplechase, and I hope for Tom's sake the mare was allowed to carry him through the Golden Gate.

Then there was Weston. He too smoked cigarettes—hundreds of them, with the air of a Spanish don.

A curious chap, Weston, full of fads and fancies not at all in keeping with his thoroughly English physiognomy. A mystic born out of his time and country.

"It's the cigarettes," commented Nick Brown; "they are making you English a bit soft and effeminate—a man should stick to a pipe."

There were other smokers—some have passed away and have themselves become of the consistency of the blue vapour that curls above our heads as we smoke peacefully and call them back to memory.

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THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

EXTRA POCKETS.

I referred recently to the advisability of instructing your tailor to put as many pockets as possible into a new suit. The more you can distribute those articles which every man—especially every smoker—must carry about with him about your person, the better will you be able to keep your suit in shape.

A few words on overcoat pockets may also be useful to my readers.

The modern ticket pocket is usually placed just inside the outer flap of the overcoat in front. This has the disadvantage that the coat has to be unbuttoned or pulled out of shape in order to insert a couple of fingers when you wish to extract a coin or ticket.

It is an excellent plan, therefore, to have a ticket pocket placed on the cuff of the left sleeve. If the cuff is an ordinary single one the pocket will be fitted with a flap, which may perhaps be given additional protection by being placed under the strap if the coat is fitted with one after the modern fashion.

With a gauntlet cuff, the pocket will be sewn between the cuff and the sleeve, and a flap will be dispensed with. Even here, however, a flap is advisable, as every movement of the arm may cause your small change to drop out.

A gauntlet cuff should not be used as a pocket itself, for it is intended as an ornament and not as a receptacle. But it may very well conceal a pocket for the accommodation of coppers and tickets, which will thus be more easily accessible than in an inside pocket, which is the only alternative, since the outside ticket-pocket on the right-hand side went out of fashion.

As to the side pockets, the present fashion leaves one an almost free choice between the patch pocket with or without flaps, the "jeated" pocket with a curved opening simply cut through the material, which looks especially well on a close-fitting city overcoat, or a pocket with a vertical slit opening in the side seams. The latter has the advantage that an opening can be cut in the lining so as to give access to the pockets of the suit, but its popularity has greatly decreased of late.

NEW BOOTS.

We all of us, at some period or another, have to go through the terrible ordeal of buying new boots, for such it is. New boots are a burden to most people, owing to the fact that as often as not they squeak, and are thus a nuisance to all those whom you go near or walk with as well as to yourself, and further, that they will never take a polish, when you try to clean them for the first half-a-dozen times or so.

However, I have at last found a remedy which enables me to get a brilliant polish on a new pair of boots the first time of cleaning. It is quite simple and within the reach of all.

It is to procure a nice lemon, cut it in half, and rub the boots all over with the juicy part. Let this dry into the leather, and then clean in the ordinary way. Not only will you obtain a brilliant polish, but also a lasting one, which is what most of us need in the rush of everyday life.



COLLARS.

The double collar is now firmly established as the correct thing for a man to wear with a lounge suit, or for "undress" or business wear generally.

But it has not yet succeeded in asserting its correctness for wear with a morning coat or frock coat, or with evening dress.

Here its place must be taken by the single collar, and the fashionable kind is one of the "wing" pattern.

Many men, however, feel that the opening which such collars usually have in front does not suit them, and gives an undressed appearance. Such a feeling may be quite unjustified, but nevertheless a man does not want to feel uncomfortable about his appearance, and the question is how to avoid the difficulty.

The ordinary "stick-up" single collar, which is the same height all the way round, has now become so out of date as to give its wearer an old-fashioned appearance, which is by no means desirable on a young man. Moreover, the man who clings to it is apt to be looked upon as a crank who refuses to move with the times.

The best expedient is to adopt that pattern of wing-collar of which the two sides, instead of leaving a V-shaped opening, practically meet in front, the "wings" being of the shape of a very acute-angled triangle, and being finished either with a curve or a square corner.

FRAYED TROUSERS.

Most of us nowadays are troubled with the bottoms of our trousers becoming frayed and ragged after wearing them for a time. The reason for this is that the edge is continually coming into contact with the eyelet holes and laces, or buttons, whichever the case may be, of the boots, for you will notice that it is usually in front that the fraying makes its first appearance.

Like all other complaints, there is a remedy for this. Get round the right side of your lady friends and ask them to give you their kid gloves which they have discarded owing to some defect. From these cut away the best part, which is generally the wrist part. This again should be cut into strips of about half an inch in width. Of course it is understood that the kid must be as nearly as possible the same colour as the trousers on which it is to be used. The kid should then be stitched very neatly on to the inside edge of the trousers, great care being taken that it does not protrude beyond the edge so as to be noticeable.

I very much doubt whether the male hand would be capable of doing such a job, so that it will probably be necessary to appeal to that useful person who does your odd jobs of needle-work for you.

I should advise all those who wear their clothes out quickly to have this done before they wear a new pair of trousers, as they will then always be tidy.

A strip of leather at the back, which need not even be visible, will also be useful in the case of trousers which are pressed turned-up, and will prevent their wearing through from contact with the heel of the boot.

It is also very necessary to pay particular attention to brushing the lower extremity of the trousers. The spots of mud—city mud especially—that the average walker flicks up from his heels, will, if not removed daily, work into and disintegrate the cloth.

BUYING A READY-MADE OVERCOAT.

Though most of us naturally prefer to have our suits made according to our measurements, there are numbers of men who do not go to so much trouble when buying an overcoat. Like their boots, shoes, and hats, they buy it ready-made, and in very many cases they look just as well in it as if it had been made to measure.

But, on the other hand, you often come across a man wearing an overcoat which, though an obviously good one in itself, nevertheless has no pretensions to suiting him. It is tight under the arms, giving him a narrow-chested appearance, and the shoulder seams stand up in ridges. When the coat is buttoned up it looks like a sausage-skin, and when unbuttoned floats behind him in the slightest breeze.

The keynote of fashion in most garments at the present day is ease and looseness; and the great tip, when buying a ready-made overcoat, is to get a coat one or more sizes larger than the shopman recommends you to choose. It will present a much "roomier" and more fashionable appearance, and will "fall" much more gracefully about your figure. And above all, don't forget to see that the shoulder seams are well ironed down.

The man who is merely "swathed" in cloth can never be considered well-dressed.



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DRESS.

Riding breeches, smartly cut and made, 21s.—Write for patterns to Beckett, Breeches Specialist, 4, Cheap Street, Frome.
Gent's knitted half hose for winter wear, 1s. 6d. per pair.—Wilkinson, Accrington Road, Burnley.
Wanted, good pair riding breeches.—Write Box 1644, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, good London made lounge suits, to fit 5ft. 11in. coat, chest 39in., waist 35in., trousers, side seam 45in., seat 39in.—Box 1671, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, thick driving overcoat, coachman's or gentleman's, good secondhand, rather large.—Box 1645, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Lounge suit, navy blue, chest 36in., waist 34in., leg 31in., tailor made, never worn, with extra pair trousers. What offers?—Box 1646, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Splendid pair of riding breeches, best West-End make, used only twice; cost 25s. What offers?—Box 1647, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, bagatelle board, accessories.—Box 1648, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Bagatelle, folding, 8ft. long, mahogany, 30in. wide, 2 side pockets, not soiled, indiarubber cushion, 9 new Crystalate balls, cue, mace, bridge, rules, markers, £10 10s; accept £3 7s. 6d.—Box 1649, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Mahogany dinghy, 13ft. by 4ft. 8in., for sale, complete with 1 pair of sculls, good condition, or would exchange for good launch, hull, about 18ft.—Box 1650, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Grand 12-bore hammerless gun, by Pollard, Worcester, perfect condition, grand killer, genuine bargain; cost £12, accept £5.—Box 1651, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, English made 12-bore double hammerless gun, cheap.—Full particulars to Box 1652, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MUSIC.

67 piccolo by Collard, recently regulated and re-padded; splendid condition; £4 10s.—Box 1643, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Silver-plated cornet, in case, good condition, cash 15s.—Box 1653, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Splendid toned 5-stringed zither banjo, nickel-plated brackets, a fine instrument, good leather case included; accept 15s., bargain.—Box 1654, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, phonograph, Edison's latest preferred, with recorder.—Box 1655, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Edison Home phonograph, with horn, C reproducer, 50 Edison records, lot, nearly new; cost £9, accept £4 17s. 6d., bargain.—Box 1657, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

POULTRY YARD.

Incubator, copper tank, self regulator, thermometer, &c., 40s.; also a new one, pitch-pine case, drying box, self regulator, &c., 50s.; both 60-egg.—Box 1658, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Two well-trained ferrets for sale, cheap.—Barlow, Hesketh Bank, near Preston.
Four fine cross-bred pullets, just commenced to lay, 3s. each; also a few extra-good Partridge and Silver Wyandotte cockerels, 4s. each. Approval.—Box 1659, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL.

Dr. Carter's Embrocation is invaluable to all sportsmen and athletes; sample 3 penny stamps only.—Send at once to the Model Homes, Ltd., Wellington Road, Battersea, S.W.
Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O., 1s.—Box 1627, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Electric Ointment, as used by all leading athletes. Recipe 7d. post free.—Box 1602, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Dr. W. Laughlin electro vigour belt, No. 6, cost £5, only used a few times. What offers?—Box 1672, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Athletes, horseowners! Recipe for famous embrocation, P.O. 1s.—Harrison, 7, Brookhouse Terrace, Wigan.

DOGS.

Pure Greyhound dog and fawn bitch, clever fencers and killers; 50s., or 30s. each, or nearest offer; no rubbish.—Box 1640, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
For sale, Great Dane bitch, 17 months old, pedigree, cheap, or would exchange for poultry. What offers?—Box 1660, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Retriever dog, wavy, 7 months, over distemper; wanted in exchange Irish or Airedale.—Box 1661, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Spaniel dog, liver and white, good pedigree; sale or exchange.—Box 1662, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, well-bred black Cocker Spaniel dog, retrieve, steady.—Box 1663, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MOTORS, CYCLES AND ACCESSORIES.

27in. Royal Sunbeam, 1908, oil-bath, speed-gear, rustless rims; splendid condition; cost £17 10s. Offers for quick sale. Owner leaving country.—Box 1641, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
3-h.p. De Dion, water-cooled head, handle starting, two speeds. Cash offers wanted.—Box 1664, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Benz 36-in. hind wheel, with good tyre, wanted, must be cheap.—Box 1665, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
3-h.p. motor quad, as new, water-cooled, two speeds, free engine. Price £18.—Box 1666, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

For high grade positions, see Hapgood's advertisement, page 23.

EDUCATIONAL.

"Punch Library of Humour," complete in 25 vols., unsoiled; cost £2 12s. 6d.; what offers?—W. J. Shayler, Tyndale, Copnor Road, Portsmouth.
Brainwork! Earn 15s. to 20s. weekly on an initial outlay of 4s.; remunerative avocation; straightforward scheme; 1s.—Box 1642, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Five pounds per week and upwards earned by Advertisement Writers; opportunities for ambitious people; prospectus post free.—(Dept. 38). Page Davis Advertising School, 15, Oxford St., London, W.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Wanted, 1/2-plate dark slides, in good condition, Lancaster's make or style.—Box 1667, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
New 1/2-plate camera, rising and falling front, swing back double extension, Ensign lens, Thornton and Pickard shutter, revolving table, 1 double dark slide tripod; £3 10s., cost £5; useful exchange.—Box 1668, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, Lancaster's 1/2-plate camera, body only and tripod; cheap, cash.—Box 1669, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Stammering effectually cured by correspondence or personally; treatise lent free.—N. H. Mason, 30, Fleet Street, London. Established 1876.
Handsome Gent's Double Simulation Gold Albert—1s. post free; with free gift of handsome seal to wear with same.—Wellworth & Co., Norwood Road, Herne Hill, S.E.
SAFETY RAZOR with 7 BLADES for 1/6. in beautiful case complete, 1s. 6d., post free, excellent quality and superior finish.—Cooper and Sons, 184, Upper Thames Street, E.C.
Excelsior printing machine, cost 3 guineas, been little used; will accept 42s.—Box 1673, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Typewriter, No. 7, Remington, condition as new, perfect working order, cash wanted; £10, or near offer.—Box 1632, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.
Wanted, three-wheeled band knife machine for cutting clothing. When writing state lowest price.—Box 1674, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

PAWNBROKER'S CLEARANCE SALE.

Full List of 1,500 Special Bargains, Post Free.

10 S. 6 D.—Gent's heavy 18-carat Gold-cased Keyless Lever Watch, improved patent (John Forrest, London), absolutely perfect time-keeper, 10 years' warranty; together with fashionable curb double Albert, same quality, with Grecian head seal attached. Sacrifice the lot for 10s. 6d., worth 50s. Great bargain. Approval willingly.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £4 4s. Chesterfield Overcoat, latest West-End cut and finish, tailor-made, one of Longford's very best superfine quality, dark grey tweed, 40in. breast, never worn; sacrifice 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

10 S. 6 D.—Organ-tone Melodeon, magnificent 63s. instrument, registered model, 12-fold bellows (metal bound), 40 sets reeds, 4 acting stops, 2 bass chords. Rich, powerful tone, perfect order. Sacrifice, 10s. 6d. Approval willingly.

25 S.—Very fine Old Violin, perfect condition, labelled Peter Guarnerius, Anno 1712. Rich, mellow tone. Bow and case. Suit professional or soloist. Sacrifice, 25s., worth £10. Approval.

29 S. 6 D.—(Worth £7 7s.) Double Breech-Loader Gun; 12-bore, top lever, proof tested barrels, left choke, rebounding locks, central fire; sacrifice 29s. 6d. Also another, hammerless, worth £10 10s.; sacrifice, 65s. Approval.

21 S.—Gent's £5 5s. Solid Silver, Real English Hall-marked Lever Watch; exam. by the celebrated watchmaker, W. Russell, London; high-grade jewelled movement; timed to a few seconds a month; ten years' warranty. Also Gent's Solid Silver English Hall-marked Massive Curb Albert, with Silver Compass attached. Together, great sacrifice, £1 1s. Approval willingly.

19 S. 6 D.—Gent's £4 4s. Fashionable dark-brown Tweed Suit, splendid quality, tailor-made, latest West-End cut and finish, never worn, breast 38in., waist 35in., leg 31 1/2in; great sacrifice, 19s. 6d. Approval willingly.

12 S. 6 D.—Real Russian Furs—latest style. Magnificent rich dark sable brown, 8ft. long Granville Stole, deep shaped collar, richly satin lined, beautifully trimmed 12 Russian tails and heads, and handsome large Granny Muff to match. Together, great sacrifice, 12s. 6d. Approval willingly.

9 S. 6 D.—Gent's Fashionable Double Albert, 18ct. gold (stamped) filled, curb pattern; solid links; worth £2 2s.; sacrifice, 9s. 6d. Approval.

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